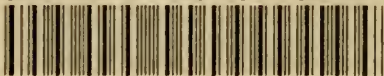




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SMITH # SAILORS HYMN BOOK BEING  
SELECTION OF BEAUTIES OF SACRED



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THE  
SAILORS'  
HYMN BOOK,  
BEING  
A SELECTION  
OF THE  
BEAUTIES OF SACRED VERSE,  
BY THE MOST EMINENT DIVINES,  
AND OF  
Original Compositions,  
ADAPTED TO  
THE MARITIME WORLD.

---

“ Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the Isles, and the inhabitants thereof. Let them give glory unto the LORD, and declare his praise in the Islands.—Isa. ch. 42. v. 10 and 12.

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BY THE REV. G. C. SMITH.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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IT would have been easy to bring together some fifty or a hundred Hymns, adapted to Sailors, but the very increasing interest excited by various Maritime Institutions having justified the claim of Seamen to a complete HYMN BOOK, embracing every subject adapted to convey instruction and produce religious impressions, this plan has been chosen. When the work is finished, it will then be for a generous British Public to pronounce their decision on a scheme, designed with much care, to promote the best interests of seamen, and the highest glory of God.

APRIL 20th, 1822.

# INDEX.

---

	Page.
Against the God that rules the sky . . . . .	105
All hands approach the Saviour's throne . . . . .	30
All hail the power of Jesus name . . . . .	78
All hail, redeeming Lord . . . . .	92
All praise to the Lord . . . . .	28
Almighty King! whose wond'rous hand . . . . .	27
And will the glorious Lord descend . . . . .	29
A shipwrech'd world bestrews the shores . . . . .	39
A Sailor once, whom Jesus lov'd . . . . .	48
At God's command the lightnings dart . . . . .	5
Be Christ our pattern and our guide . . . . .	46
Behold him in his bloody sweat . . . . .	52
Behold the purple torrents run . . . . .	57
Behold the wonders of his power . . . . .	67
Behold your King, your Saviour crown'd . . . . .	77
Behold the glories of the Lamb . . . . .	80
Behold, what sweet reviving rays . . . . .	95
Beneath a reef the ship was moor'd . . . . .	19
Brightness of thy Father's glory . . . . .	42
Breathe on these bones, so dry and dead . . . . .	86
Blessed be the Father and his love . . . . .	91
Blest Jesus, when I read thy zeal . . . . .	44
By faith we find the place above . . . . .	99
Clouds big with wrath hang o'er my head . . . . .	106
Come all harmonious tongues . . . . .	68
Come, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire . . . . .	84
Come now, dear Lord, thyself reveal . . . . .	85
Come, holy spirit, sacred fire . . . . .	85
Come, sacred spirit! from above . . . . .	87
Come, holy spirit, come . . . . .	88
Come, sound his praise abroad . . . . .	31
Confus'd and thronged like some vast fair . . . . .	41
Dark was the deep, the waters lay . . . . .	1
Down headlong from their native skies . . . . .	38

	Page.
Eternal wisdom, thee we praise . . . . .	25
Eternal sun of righteousness . . . . .	96
Five bleeding wounds he bears . . . . .	73
Flow fast my tears, yet faster flow . . . . .	58
For all that come to God by him . . . . .	74
From the Cross uplifted high . . . . .	59
From all that dwell below the skies . . . . .	23
Glory his fleecy robe adorns . . . . .	81
God spoke the wond'rous word, and lo . . . . .	3
God is the eternal King. Thy foes in vain . . . . .	7
God of the seas, thy thundering voice . . . . .	8
God moves in a mysterious way . . . . .	10
God from his cloudy cistern pours . . . . .	32
Go forth, ye saints, with joy behold . . . . .	76
Great was the day, the joy was great . . . . .	84
Great rock for weary sinners made . . . . .	98
Hail to the Prince of Life and Peace . . . . .	71
Hail, holy, holy, Holy Lord . . . . .	90
Hark! the Cherubic armies shout . . . . .	41
Heaven its King congratulates . . . . .	76
He dies! the friend of sinners dies . . . . .	61
High on the Cross, transfix'd in blood . . . . .	64
His boundless years can ne'er decrease . . . . .	8
Holy, blessed, glorious three . . . . .	90
How is thy glorious power ador'd . . . . .	16
How blest are they who still abide . . . . .	59
In foreign lands and realms remote . . . . .	9
In lands strange and distant, how sweetly the sound . . . . .	22
Inur'd to poverty and pain . . . . .	45
In persecutions hottest fire . . . . .	97
I sing the almighty power of God . . . . .	26
Is there no shelter from the <sup>r</sup> wrath . . . . .	102
Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word . . . . .	25
Jesus, the light of men . . . . .	44
Jesus, once number'd with the dead . . . . .	66
Jesus, the name high over all . . . . .	70
Jesus has shed his vital blood . . . . .	74
Jesus, lover of my soul . . . . .	102

	Page.
Jesus, to thee, my sure defence . . . . .	104
Jesus, at thy command . . . . .	107
Joyful all ye seamen rise . . . . .	40
King of Zion, give the order . . . . .	82
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love . . . . .	63
Let devils flee, let men adore . . . . .	40
Let heaven proclaim the Saviour reigns . . . . .	43
Let all the earth-born race . . . . .	28
Let the whole ocean now rejoice . . . . .	29
Let us awake our joys . . . . .	79
Life, death, and hell, and world's unknown . . . . .	6
Light of the Gentile world appear . . . . .	95
Lord of ev'ry land and nation . . . . .	18
Lord I am vile, conceived in sin . . . . .	37
Lo! Christ ascends the sacred height . . . . .	47
Lo! his triumphal chariot waits . . . . .	69
My soul inspir'd with sacred love . . . . .	32
Now let our lips with holy fear . . . . .	50
Now let us raise our cheerful strains . . . . .	70
Ocean with thy numerous brood . . . . .	23
O'erwhelmed with guilt, and grief, and woe . . . . .	63
O for a shout of sacred joy . . . . .	69
O God of good, th' unfathom'd sea . . . . .	2
O God, thou bottomless abyss . . . . .	3
O had I Jubal's lyre . . . . .	18
O haste, victorious prince . . . . .	82
Once on the raging seas I rode . . . . .	93
On the wild waste of water, so vast and so drear . . . . .	21
O thou whom John at Jordan's stream . . . . .	87
O that in me the sacred fire . . . . .	89
O thou whose all-disposing sway . . . . .	4
O thou, dear suffering Son of God . . . . .	53
O the sharp pangs of smarting pain . . . . .	53
Our great High Priest we sing . . . . .	72
Princes to his imperial throne . . . . .	80
Record, my soul, thy Maker's praise . . . . .	14

# INDEX.

vii.

	Page.
Repeated crimes awake our fears . . . . .	72
Rise, glorious sun, supremely bright . . . . .	94
Rock of ages ! cleft for me . . . . .	97
Sailors, that travel o'er the flood . . . . .	12
Sailor rejoice, and rest secure . . . . .	16
Sailors repeat his praise . . . . .	24
Sailors, behold as ye pass by . . . . .	55
Sailors, mark the dreadful night . . . . .	50
Sailors look, the sight is glorious . . . . .	83
Sailors advance, behold your King . . . . .	77
See his disciples slumb'ring round . . . . .	52
' See how he lov'd !' exclaimed the Jews . . . . .	47
See from on high a light divine . . . . .	43
See human nature sunk in shame . . . . .	38
Should I forbear to praise my God . . . . .	34
Sinners rejoice, its Christ that died . . . . .	61
Survey the wond'rous cure . . . . .	65
Sweet the moments rich in blessing . . . . .	59
Tempests arise, when God appoints . . . . .	11
The northern pole, and southern rest . . . . .	30
The Saviour, what a noble flame . . . . .	49
The Cross ! the Cross ! Oh ! that's my gain . . . . .	58
The rising God forsakes the tomb . . . . .	67
The blessed spirit, like the wind . . . . .	86
The tower that rises o'er the sea . . . . .	98
The powers of earth and hell . . . . .	103
The types, my soul, were all too faint . . . . .	100
The billows swell, the winds are high . . . . .	108
They that in ships with courage bold . . . . .	17
They thirst, and waters from the rock . . . . .	99
Th' Almighty spoke, the tempest hurst . . . . .	106
Tho' winds may blow and storms arise . . . . .	108
Though hard the winds are blowing . . . . .	21
Thrice " Holy Lord," in heaven they cry . . . . .	62
Through all his travels here below . . . . .	68
Thy goodness, and thy truth, to me . . . . .	7
Thy potent arm, all glorious God . . . . .	11
Thy works of glory, mighty Lord . . . . .	12
Thy way, O God, is in the sea . . . . .	13
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost . . . . .	91
To the haven of thy breast . . . . .	104

	Page.
'Twas in an hour when wrath prevail'd . . . . .	55
'Twas well, my soul, he died for them . . . . .	72
Uprising from the silent tomb . . . . .	66
Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord . . . . .	33
View the broad sea's majestic plains . . . . .	26
Was it for crimes that I have done . . . . .	54
We sing the bright and morning star . . . . .	93
Well, the Redeemer's gone . . . . .	75
What could my Redeemer move . . . . .	46
What object's this, that meets mine eyes . . . . .	56
When I with pleasing wonder stand . . . . .	2
When all thy mercies, O my God . . . . .	14
When rocks and when shallows beset us around . . . . .	19
When many a tempest blew . . . . .	20
When the great Builder arch'd the skies . . . . .	35
When Satan saw his rebel host . . . . .	35
When Adam sinned, through all his race . . . . .	36
When Jesus hung upon the tree . . . . .	60
When God from my soul shall his presence remove . . . . .	101
When tempests howl, and billows rise . . . . .	101
When from the bosom of the deep . . . . .	54
Where from thy spirit shall I stretch . . . . .	5
While flinty rocks were rent with dread . . . . .	62
Who were the highly honored three . . . . .	51
With flowing eyes and bleeding hearts . . . . .	37
With warm delight and grateful joy . . . . .	45
Would you behold the works of God . . . . .	15
Yes, Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise . . . . .	34
Ye subjects of the Lord proclaim . . . . .	79

THE  
Sailors' Hymn Book.

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ADORATION.

---

I.

*The Creation.*

“ God created the Heaven and the Earth.—  
Gen. i. (C. M.)

- 1 DARK was the deep, the waters lay  
Confus'd, and drown'd the land,  
God call'd the light,—the new-born day  
Attends at his command.
- 2 He bids the clouds ascend on high,  
The clouds ascend, and bear  
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,  
And float on softer air.
- 3 The liquid element below  
Was gather'd by his hand,  
The rolling seas together flow,  
And leave the solid land.
- 4 Out of the deep th' Almighty King  
Did vital beings frame,  
The painted fowls of every wing,  
And fish of every name.



- 2 Lord, while this frame of nature stands,  
 Thy praise shall fill my tongue,  
 But the new-world of grace demands  
 A more exalted song.

WATTS.

## 2.

*The Formation of Man.*

“God created Man.”—Gen. i. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN I with pleasing wonder stand,  
 And all my frame survey,  
 Lord, 'tis thy work, I own thy hand  
 That built my humble clay.
- 2 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
 Shew me thy wond'rous skill;  
 But I review myself, and find,  
 Diviner wonders still.
- 3 Thy awful glories round me shine,  
 My flesh proclaims thy praise;  
 Lord, to thy works of nature join  
 Thy miracles of grace.

WATTS.

## 3.

*El Shaddai, or God All-sufficient.*

“I am the Almighty God.”—Gen. xvii. (P. M.)

- 1 O GOD of good, th' unfathom'd sea!  
 Who would not give his heart to thee?  
 Who would not love thee with his might?  
 O Jesus, lover of mankind,  
 Who would not his whole soul and mind,  
 With all his strength, to thee unite?



- 2 Fountain of good! all blessing flows  
 From thee, no want thy fulness knows,  
 What but thyself can'st thou desire?  
 Yes; self-sufficient as thou art,  
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart,  
 THIS, ONLY THIS, THOU DOST REQUIRE.

WESLEY.

## 4.

*God Supreme.*

"Canst thou find out the Almighty?"—Job xi. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD spoke the wond'rous word, and lo,  
 Creation rose at his command;  
 Whirlwinds and seas their limits know,  
 Bound in the hollow of his hand.
- 2 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,  
 Measuring their changes by the moon,  
 No ebb his sea of glory knows,  
 His age is one eternal noon.
- 3 God is a name my soul adores,  
 The Almighty Three--th' Eternal One,  
 Nature and grace with all their powers,  
 Confess THEE, infinite,—unknown.

WATTS'S LYRIC POEMS.

## 5.

*The Source of all Good.*

"Thou art good, and doest good.—Psalm cxix. (L. M.)

- 1 O GOD, thou bottomless abyss,  
 Thee to perfection who can know?  
 O height immense! what word suffice,  
 Thy countless attribute to show?

- 2 Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,  
Essential life's unbounded sea,  
What lives and moves, lives by thy word,  
It lives, and moves, and is from thee !
- 3 Whate'er in earth, or sea, or sky,  
Or shuns, or meets the wandering thought,  
Escapes, or strikes the searching eye,  
By thee was to perfection brought.
- 4 To thy benign, indulgent care,  
Father, this light, this breath we owe,  
And all we have, and all we are,  
From thee, great source of being, flow.

WESLEY.

## 6.

*Divine Controul.*

" Our Lord is above all."—Psalm cxxxv.

- 1 O THOU whose all-disposing sway,  
The heavens, the earth, and seas obey,  
Whose might thro' all extent extends,  
Sinks through all depth, all height transcends.
- 2 Now from thy storehouse, built on high,  
Permits the imprison'd winds to fly,  
And guided by thy will, to sweep,  
The surface of the foaming deep.
- 3 Him praise—the everlasting king,  
And mercy's unexhausted spring;  
Haste, to his name your voices rear,  
What name like His the heart can cheer ?

MERRICK.

## 7.

*Divine Omnipresence.*

“In the uttermost parts of the sea, there shall thy hand lead me.”—Psalm cxxxix. (C. M.)

- 1 WHERE from thy spirit shall I stretch  
The pinions of my flight?  
Or where thro' nature's spacious range,  
Shall I elude thy sight?
- 2 Scal'd I the skies; the blaze divine  
Would overwhelm my soul:  
Plung'd I to hell, there should I hear,  
Thine awful thunders roll.
- 3 If on a morning's darting ray,  
With matchless speed I rode,  
And flew to the wild lonely shore,  
That bounds the ocean's flood,
- 4 Thither thy hand, all-present God!  
Must guide the wond'rous way,  
And thine Omnipotence support,  
The fabric of my clay.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee;  
O may I ne'er provoke that power,  
From which I cannot flee.

BLACKLOCK.

## 8.

*Divine Justice.*

“Who hath hardened himself and prospered?”—  
Job ix. (L.M.)

- 1 AT God's command the lightnings dart,  
And swift transfix the rebels heart;  
Earth trembles at his look, and cleaves,  
And legions sink in living graves.

- 2 See Pharoah plunging in the tide,  
See Babel's tyrant mad with pride,  
Graze with the beasts, hear Herod roar,  
While worms his deity devour.
- 3 Great God, and shall this soul of mine,  
Presume to challenge wrath divine?  
Trembling I seek thy mercy seat,  
And lay my weapons at thy feet.

DODDRIDGE.

---

 PRAISE.
 

---

## 9.

*God's Determinations.*

"None can stay his hand, or say unto him what  
doest thou?"—Dan. iv. (C. M.)

- 1 LIFE, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
Hang on HIS firm decree,  
He sits on no precarious throne,  
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 2 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,  
With all the fates of men,  
With every angel's form, and size,  
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 3 Here he exalts neglected worms,  
To sceptres, and a crown,  
And there, the following page he turns,  
And treads the monarch down.
- 4 My God, I ne'er would long to see,  
My fate with curious eyes,  
What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

## ADORATION.

7

- 5 In thy fair book of life and grace,  
    May I but find my name,  
Recorded in some humble place,  
    Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

WATTS, L. P.

## 10.

### *Divine Goodness.*

“ My people shall be satisfied with my goodness.”—  
    Jeremiah xxxi. (C. M.)

- 1 THY goodness, and thy truth, to me,  
    To every soul abound,  
A vast, unfathomable sea,  
    Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 2 Its streams the whole creation reach,  
    So plenteous is the store,  
Enough for *all*, enough for *each*,  
    Enough for evermore.
- 3 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,  
    A rock that cannot move,  
A thousand promises declare  
    Thy constancy of love.

WESLEY.

## 11.

### *God's Dominion.*

“ The Lord on high is mightier than the mighty  
    waves of the sea.”—Psalm xciii. (P. M.)

- 1 GOD is the eternal King. Thy foes in vain,  
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign;  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,  
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies,  
Foaming at Heaven, they rage with wild commotion,  
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

- 2 Ye tempests rage no more, ye floods be still,  
 And the mad world submissive to his will ;  
 Built on his truth, his church must ever stand,  
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand ;  
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,  
 Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

WATTS.

## 12.

### *God's Eternity.*

“ The Eternal God is thy refuge.”—  
 Deut. xxxiii. (C. M.)

- 1 HIS boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
 But still maintain their prime,  
*Eternity's* HIS dwelling place,  
 And *ever* is HIS time.
- 2 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
 The present and the past,  
 He fills HIS own immortal *now*,  
 And sees our ages waste.
- 3 The sea, and sky must perish too,  
 And vast destruction come !  
 The creatures—look how old they grow,  
 And wait t heir fiery doom.
- 4 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
 And flame melt down the skies,  
 My God will live an endless day,  
 When th' old creation dies.

WATTS.

## 13.

### *Divine Sovereignty.*

“ The sea is His, and he made it.”—  
 Psalm xcv. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD of the seas, thy thundering voice  
 Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,  
 And one soft word of thy command,  
 Can sink them silent in the sand.

- 2 If God his voice of tempest rears,  
 Leviathan lies still and fears ;  
 Anon he lifts his nostrils high,  
 And spouts the ocean to the sky.
- 3 The largest monsters of the deep,  
 On thy command attendance keep,  
 By thy permission sport and play,  
 And cleave along their foaming way.
- 4 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,  
 To thee their Lord a tribute pay ;  
 The meanest fish that swims the flood,  
 Leaps up and means a praise to God.

WATTS.

---

 PROVIDENCE
 

---

## 14.

*Divine Protection.*

" I will bring my people from the depths of the sea."—Psalm lxxviii. (C. M.)

- 1 IN foreign lands and realms remote,  
 Sailors are still thy care,  
 Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,  
 And breathe in tainted air.
- 2 When by the dreadful tempest borne  
 High on the broken wave,  
 We know thou art not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.
- 3 The storm is laid, the winds retire,  
 Obedient to thy will,  
 The sea that roars at thy command,  
 At thy command is still.



- 4 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,  
 Thy goodness we'll adore,  
 We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.
- 5 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be,  
 And death, when death shall be our lot,  
 Shall join our souls to thee.

ADDISON.

## 15.

*Providence mysterious but merciful.*

"Thy way is in the sea, thy footsteps are not  
 known.—Psalm lxxvii. (C. M.)

- 1 GOD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform,  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Ye fearful saints fresh courage take,  
 The clouds ye so much dread,  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.
- 3 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour;  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 4 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain;  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

COWPER.



## 16.

*Divine Power.*

“Thou rulest the raging of the sea.”—  
Psalm lxxxix. (L. M.)

- 1 **THY** potent arm, all glorious God,  
With ease controls the raging flood ;  
At thy command the sea is still,  
And winds and waves perform thy will.
- 2 The sounding billows mount on high,  
And swell their fury to the sky,  
Then at thy word they sink again,  
And liquid mountains form a plain.
- 3 Thus the wide sea, from pole to pole,  
Is subject to thy wise control ;  
Its waves thy sovereign will obey,  
And bow submissive to thy sway.
- 4 Great God, stretch out thy mighty hand,  
And bring us safely back to land,  
There to adore thy gracious power,  
Which saved us in the trying hour.

CHAPMAN'S SELECTIONS.

## 17.

*Providence Universal.*

“His tender mercies are over all his works.”  
Psalm cxlv. (C. M.)

- 1 **TEMPESTS** arise, when God appoints,  
And mighty oceans roar,  
He bids the winds and waves be still,  
And strait the storm is o'er.
- 2 Without him not a sparrow falls,  
Nor eagle cuts the air,  
But saints amid these changing scenes,  
Are his peculiar care

- 3 If light attends the course I run,  
 'Tis he provides those rays,  
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,  
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 4 Through regions, distant and unknown,  
 His providence extends,  
 Then let his praises fly abroad,  
 To Earth's remotest ends.

BEDDOME.

## 18.

*Delivering Mercy.*

"God stilleth the noise of the seas."—  
 Psalm lxxv. (L. M.)

- 1 SAILORS, that travel o'er the flood,  
 Address their frightened souls to God,  
 When tempests rage, and billows roar,  
 At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 2 He bids the noisy tempests cease,  
 He calms the raging crowd to peace,  
 When a tumultuous nation raves,  
 Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 3 O may the sons of men record  
 The wond'rous goodness of the Lord ;  
 Let them their private offerings bring,  
 And in the Church his glory sing.

WATTS.

## 19.

*The Mariners' Psalm.*

"They that go down to the sea in ships."—  
 Psalm cvii. (C. M.)

- 1 THY works of glory, mighty Lord,  
 Thy wonders in the deeps,  
 The sons of courage shall record,  
 Who trade in floating ships.

- 2 At thy commands the winds arise,  
And swell the tow'ring waves,  
The men astonish'd, mount the skies,  
Or sink in gaping graves.
- 3 Again they climb the watery hills,  
And plunge in deeps again,  
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels  
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,  
They pant with fluttering breath,  
And, hopeless of the distant shore,  
Expect immediate death.
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
He hears their loud request,  
And orders silence thro' the skies,  
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
And see the storm allay'd ;  
Now to their eyes the port appears,  
There let their vows be paid.

WATIS

## 20.

*The Darkness of Providence.*

"Thy path is in the great waters."—  
Psalm lxxvii. (C. M.)

- THY way, O God, is in the sea,  
Thy paths I cannot trace,  
Nor comprehend the mystery  
Of thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here, the dark veils of flesh and sense,  
My captive soul surround ;  
Mysterious deeps of providence,  
My wondering thoughts confound.

- 3 'Tis but in part I know thy will,  
 I bless thee for the sight,  
 When will thy love the rest reveal  
 In glory's clearer light.

FAWCETT.

## 21.

*Providence Reviewed.*

"Forget not all his benefits."—Psalm ciii (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder love and praise.
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redress'd,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.
- 3 Thro' every period of my life,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore,  
 And after death, in distant worlds,  
 Thy mercy still explore.

ADDISON.

## 22.

*Distinguishing Preservation.*

"Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and  
 gone."—Cant. ii. (L. M.)

- 1 RECORD, my soul, thy Maker's power,  
 Whose winds and waves obey his will;  
 He bids the awful tempest roar,  
 His voice the wildest storm can still

- 2 View, O my soul, with wonder view,  
The roaring billows round thee tost,  
And bless his mercies ever new,  
While thou art saved, and others lost.
- 3 Speak to my heart, dear Lord, and say,  
The rain is gone, the tempest's o'er,  
Come, my beloved, come away,  
Satan and sin shall reign no more.
- 4 Fear not, I'll guard thy helpless head,  
While life, and all its conflicts last,  
And when the raging winds are fled,  
Thy soul shall sing of dangers past.

WILLIAMS' COLLECTION.

## 23.

### *Merciful Interpositions.*

“He maketh the storm a calm.”—  
Psalm cvii. (L. M.)

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad,  
Go with the Mariners and trace,  
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favor of the wind,  
’Till God commands and tempests rise,  
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,  
Now sink to dreadful deeps again,  
What strange affrights young sailors feel,  
And like a staggering drunkard reel.
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;  
His mercy hears the loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.

- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
The furious waves forget their rage;  
'Tis calm,—and sailors smile to see,  
The haven where they wished to be.

WATTS

## 24.

*Effectual Preservation.*

“Rejoice Zebulon in thy going out.”—  
Deut. xxxiii. (C. M.)

- 1 SAILOR rejoice, and rest secure,  
Thy keeper is the Lord;  
His wakeful eyes employ his power,  
For thine eternal guard.
- 2 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Shall have his leave to smite;  
He shields thy head from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.
- 3 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come;  
Go, and return, secure from death,  
Till God commands thee home.

WATTS.

## 25.

*Insensibility of Seamen.*

“Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not  
see, but they shall see.”—Isaiah xxvi.

- 1 HOW is thy glorious power ador'd,  
Amid these watery nations, Lord;  
Yet the bold men that trace the seas,  
Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise.
- 2 What scenes of miracles they see,  
And never tune a song to thee;  
While on the flood they safely ride,  
They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

- 3 Then down they plunge in watery graves,  
And some drink death among the waves ;  
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,  
Nor own the God that rescued them. ;
- 4 O for some signal of thine hand,  
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land ;  
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny,  
That there's a God that rules the sky.

WATTS.

## 26.

*Praying Seamen Preserved.*

"These are the works of the Lord."—  
Psalm cvii.

- 1 THEY that in ships with courage bold,  
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,  
Do God's amazing works behold,  
And in the deep his wonders view.
- 2 No sooner his command is past,  
But forth a dreadful tempest flies ;  
Which sweeps the seas with rapid haste,  
And makes the stormy billows rise.
- 3 Sometimes huge ships, toss'd up to heaven,  
On tops of mountain waves appear,  
Then down the steep abyss are driven,  
Where every soul dissolves with fear.
- 4 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
Like men with fumes of wine opprest ;  
Nor do the skilful seamen know  
Which way to move, what course is best.
- 5 Then straight to God's indulgent ear,  
They do their mournful cry address ;  
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
And frees them from their deep distress.

- 6 He does the raging storm appease,  
And makes the billows calm and still;  
With joy they see their fury cease,  
And their intended course fulfil.

PRAYER BOOK, NEW VERSION

## 27.

*Messiah's General Authority.*

"By HIM all things consist."—Colos. i. (P. M.)

- 1 LORD of ev'ry land and nation,  
Ancient of eternal days!  
Sounded thro' the wide creation,  
Be thy just and lawful praise.  
Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 For thy providence, that governs  
Thro' thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,  
Blessed be thy gentle reign.
- 3 But thy rich and free redemption,  
Dark thro' brightness all along;  
Thought is poor, and poor expression,  
Who dare sing that awful song?  
ROBINSON.

## 28.

*Desire to Increase in Praise.*

"Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which  
are God's."—1 Cor. vi.

O had I Jubal's lyre!  
Or Miriam's tuneful voice;  
In songs like his I would aspire,  
In sounds like hers rejoice.  
My humble strains but faintly shew,  
How much to Heaven and Christ I owe.  
HANDEL'S MESSIAH.



## 29.

*The Ship driven from her Moorings.*

"An hiding place from the wind."—Isaiah xxxii.

- 1 BENEATH a reef the ship was moor'd,  
The threat'ning tempest to endure;  
Loud raged the storm, but all on board,  
Fear'd not, but deem'd their hold was sure.
- 2 Loud rag'd the storm, the cable gave;  
Strong was the force, and swift the shock;  
The ship was driven along the wave,  
And dash'd upon a lurking rock.
- 3 An earthly refuge may deceive;  
This has been often prov'd before;  
But who in Christ did e'er believe,  
And found that trust could aid no more.
- 4 Eternal refuge from despair!  
This, well I know, could never be;  
What storm could rage, and reach me there?  
What power could drive my soul from thee?

EDMESTON.

## 30.

*Reliance on Providence.*

"Trust in the Lord for ever."—Isaiah xxvi.

- 1 WHEN rocks and when shallows beset us around,  
When sands are deceitful, and treacherous the  
ground,  
When waves rise, and threaten the ship to o'er-  
whelm,  
We trust to the pilot who governs the helm

- 2 When dangers and death range abroad in our sight,  
 We obey the command, and it guides us aright ;  
 Though we know not the reason of all that we see,  
 We trust that our commander knows better than we.
- 3 And shall we in seasons of danger thus trust,  
 The power and the aid of a man who is dust ;  
 But when we are called in our God to confide,  
 Feel doubt and mistrust in his goodness to guide.
- 4 Forbid it—Oh never, wherever we be,  
 May we feel, Lord, and act as mistrustful of THEE,  
*Thou knowest, thou seest, thou guidest* aright,  
 And the path that's now dark, will hereafter be  
 bright.

EDMESTON.

## 31.

*False Land.*

“ Be not deceived.” “ Awake to righteousness.”—  
 1 Corinthians, xv. (C.M.)

- 1 WHEN many a tempest blew,  
 And hope was almost past ;  
 The worn and weary crew,  
 Hail'd distant land at last.
- 2 Far o'er the lee it lay,  
 Its arms seem'd spreading wide,  
 To form a quiet bay,  
 Where ships might safely ride.
- 3 That refuge from the storm,  
 That distant bay so fair,  
 Was but a cloudy form,  
 And melted into air !
- 1 So earthly hope deceives,  
 The heart that trusts it most ;  
 So all the beauty leaves,  
 Some seeming happy coast.

- 4 But faith can look before,  
 And see the land of light;  
 That is the only shore,  
 That never mocks the sight.

EDMESTON.

## 32.

*Universal Presence.*

“Whither shall I flee from thy presence.”—  
 Psalm cxxxix.

- 1 IN the wild waste of water, so vast and so clear,  
 How delightful to think, that my Saviour is here;  
 As much with this vessel, where'er it may roam,  
 As with those whom we love, and have quitted at  
 home.
- 2 Eternal pervader,—Protector of all!  
 Thou hearest the prayer of the weakest who call;  
 From thee never distant, wherever we are,  
 Thy love is our pole, and our point, and our star.
- 3 Forgive us and bless us, thou only canst bless,  
 Thou knowest—*we do not*—each future distress;  
 O guard us, and keep us, and bring us again,  
 To the land of our home, from the boisterous main.

EDMESTON.

## 33.

*Gales Astern.*

“I would hasten my escape from the windy storm  
 and tempest.”—Psalm lv.

- 1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,  
 And loud the billows roar;  
 Full swiftly we are going,  
 To our dear native shore.

- 2 The billows breaking o'er us,  
The storms that round us swell,  
Are aiding to restore us,  
To all we loved so well.
- 3 So sorrow often presses,  
Life's mariner along ;  
Afflictions and distresses,  
Are gales and billows strong,
- 4 The sharper and severer,  
The storms of life we meet,  
The sooner and the nearer,  
Is Heaven's eternal seat.
- 5 Come then afflictions dreary,  
Sharp sickness pierce my breast ;  
You only bear the weary  
More quickly home to rest.

## 34.

*Englishmen Abroad.*

"Iron sharpeneth iron ; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—Psa. xxvii. (P. M.)

- 1 IN lands strange and distant, how sweetly the sound,  
Of the tongue of a countryman falls on the ear ;  
The strangeness of all that is passing around,  
Makes the words seem more sweet, and the accents more dear.
- 2 It reminds us of home, of the land of our birth,  
Of the friends we have left, and the kin that we love,  
Of all that is dearest to man upon earth,  
All his comfort below, and his solace above.
- 3 It is thus to the Christian, when passing along  
This world, to the home of his father, on high ;  
Some brother he finds, in the midst of the throng,  
With the accent of heaven, the tongue of the sky.

- 4 How delightfully heart answers heart, as they meet,  
 How refreshing to each is the sound of the voice,  
 How cheering the thought, the communion how  
 sweet,  
 How the passions grow warm, and the spirits  
 rejoice.
- 5 The communion of saints brightens many a day,  
 Enlivens the faith that was drooping and low,  
 Stirs up the remembrance of God on our way,  
 And bids all the sweetest affections to glow.

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 PRAISE.
 

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## 35.

*Gratitude.*

“ Let all that have breath praise thee.”—Psa. cl. (L M.)

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
 Let the Creator’s praise arise,  
 Let the Redeemer’s name be sung,  
 In every ship, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word,  
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

WATTS.

## 36.

*Praise from the Elements.*

“ It is good to sing praises unto our God.”—  
 Psa. cxlvii.

- 1 OCEAN with thy numerous brood,  
 Swell to magnify thy God ;  
 Roll his praise from shore to shore,  
 Lift his name, and sound his power.

- 2 Praise him fire, and hail, and snow,  
Praise him all ye winds that blow,  
Cold and heat—let each extreme  
Join to render praise to Him.

TOPLADY.

### 37.

*Praise for Divine Compassions.*

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul.”—  
Psa. ciii. (S. M.)

- 1 SAILORS repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great,  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide,  
And when his strokes are felt,  
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love,  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 5 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flower,  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure,  
And Christian Sailors ever find,  
Thy word of promise sure.

WATTS.

## 38.

*Eternal Praise.*

“ I will praise thy name for ever.”—  
Psa. cxlv. (L. M.).

- 1 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word,  
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue,  
But Sailors who have known the Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
- 2 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare,  
And the sweet whisper of his name,  
Fill every gentler breeze of air.
- 3 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree,  
To join their praise with blazing fire;  
Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,  
In this eternal song conspire.

WATTS.

## 39.

*Praise to Divine Wisdom.*

“ He hath established the world by his wisdom.”—  
Jer. x. (C. M.).

- 1 ETERNAL wisdom, thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings,  
With thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes,  
On clouds and storms below;  
Those under regions of the skies,  
Thy num'rous glories show.
- 3 The noisy winds stand ready there,  
Thy orders to obey;  
With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
To make thy chariot way.

- 4 There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,  
 Thy thunder shakes our coast ;  
 While the red lightnings wave along  
 The banners of thy host.

WESLEY.

## 40.

*Praise to the Power of God.*

“ I will declare thy greatness.”—Psa. cxlv. (C. M.)

- 1 I SING the Almighty power of God,  
 That made the mountains rise ;  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
 The sun to rule the day ;  
 The moon shines full at his command,  
 And all the stars obey.
- 3 Lo, the rough mountains of the deep,  
 Obey his strong command ;  
 Thy breath can raise the billows steep  
 Or sink them to the sand.
- 4 Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
 And strike the wond'ring sight,  
 Thro' skies and seas, and solid ground,  
 With terror and delight.

WESLEY

## 41.

*Praise for Jehorah's Reign.*

“ The Lord Reigneth.”—Psa. xciii. (L. M.)

- 1 VIEW the broad sea's majestic plains,  
 And think how wide its Maker reigns ;  
 That *band* remotest nations joins,  
 And on each wave his goodness shines.



- 2 But, O that brighter world above,  
Where lives and reigns incarnate love;  
God's only son, in flesh array'd,  
For man, a bleeding victim made.
- 3 Thither my soul, with rapture soar,  
There in the land of praise adore,  
This theme demands an angel's lay,  
Demands an undeclining day.

DODDRIDGE.

## 42

*Praise to Divine Providence.*

"My God shall supply all your need."—  
Phil. iv. (L. M.)

- 1 ALMIGHTY King! whose wond'rous hand,  
Supports the weight of sea and land;  
Whose grace is such a boundless store,  
No heart shall break that sighs for more.
- 2 Thy providence supplies my food,  
And 'tis thy blessing makes it good;  
My soul is nourished by thy word,  
Let soul and body praise the Lord.
- 3 My streams of outward comfort came  
From him who built this earthly frame;  
Whate'er I want, His bounty gives,  
By whom my soul for ever lives.
- 4 Either His hand preserves from pain,  
Or if I feel, it heals again;  
From Satan's malice shields my breast,  
Or overrules it for the best.
- 5 Forgive the song that falls so low,  
Beneath the gratitude I owe;  
It means thy praise, however poor,  
An angel's song can do no more.

COWPER.

## 43.

*Praise to God, from all Creatures.*

“ Praise the Lord, O my soul.”—Psa. civ. (P. M.)

- 1 LET all the earth-born race,  
 And monsters of the deep,  
 The fish that cleave the seas,  
 Or in their bosom sleep.  
 From sea and shore, their tribute pour,  
 And still display their Maker's power.
- 2 Ye vapours, hail and snow,  
 Praise ye the Almighty Lord -  
 And stormy winds that blow,  
 To execute his word.  
 When light'nings shine, or thunders roar,  
 Let Earth his hand divine adore.
- 3 Come British seamen join ;  
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,  
 And offer notes divine,  
 To your Creator's praise.  
 Ye bright Angelic holy throng,  
 In worlds of light the theme prolong.

WATTS.

## 44.

*After a Sea Storm.*

“ Salvation is of the Lord.”—Psa. iii. (P. M.)

- 1 ALL praise to the Lord,  
 Who rules by his word,  
 Th' untractable sea,  
 And limits its rage by his stedfast decree ;  
 Whose providence binds,  
 Or releases the winds,  
 And compels them again,  
 At his beck, to put on the invisible chain.

2 O that all men would raise,  
 A tribute of praise,  
 His goodness declare,  
 And thankfully sing of his fatherly care ;  
 With joy we embrace  
 This pledge of his grace,  
 And wait to outfly  
 These storms of affliction, and land in the sky.  
 WESLEY.

## 45

*Gratitude for Divine Goodness.*

“ I love the Lord, because he has heard me.”—  
 Psa. cxvi. (L. M.)

- 1 AND will the glorious Lord descend  
 To be my father, and my friend ;  
 Then let my songs with angels join,  
 Heaven is secure, if God be mine.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers !  
 While immortality endures,  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last.
- WATTS.

## 46

*Exalted Praise.* (L. M.)

“ Sing his praise in the congregation.”— Psa. cxlix.

- 1 LET the whole ocean now rejoice,  
 And ev'ry ship our God adore ;  
 The British Isles shall send the noise  
 Across the sea to ev'ry shore.
- 2 We'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heavens our voices raise,  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.

3 Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love,  
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

## 47.

*Praise for the Works of God.* (C. M.)

"Praise the name of the Lord."—Psa. 113.

- 1 THE northern pole, and southern rest  
 On God's supporting hand ;  
 Darkness and day, from east to west,  
 Move round at his command.
- 2 He bids the liquid waters flow  
 To their appointed deep ;  
 The flowing seas their limits know,  
 And their own station keep.
- 3 Thy words the raging winds control,  
 And rule the boist'rous deep,  
 Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,  
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 4 Rejoice, ye Seamen, in the Lord,  
 'This work belongs to you,  
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,]  
 How holy, just, and true.

WATTS.

## 48.

*Praise Enjoined.* (C. M.)

"Whoso offereth praise glorifieth me."—Psa. 1.

- 1 ALL hands approach the Saviour's throne,  
 And Psalms of honor sing ;  
 He is a God of boundless might,  
 The whole creation's king.

- 2 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand ;  
He fix'd the seas what bounds keep  
And where the hills must stand.
- 3 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come kneel before his face,  
O may the creatures of his power,  
Be children of his grace.

WATTS.

## 49.

*Praise to the Universal King.*

" Praise waiteth for thee O God."—  
Psa. lxxv. (S. M.)

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing ;  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal king.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound,  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne,  
Come, bow before the Lord,  
We are his works, and not our own,  
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod,  
Come like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.

WATTS.

## 50.

*The Soul Admonished to Praise.*

“ Who can shew forth all his praise ”—<sup>3</sup>

Psa. cvi. (L. M.)

- 1 MY soul inspir'd with sacred love,  
God's holy name for ever bless;  
Of all his favors mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,  
And after sickness makes thee sound,  
From dangers he thy life retrieves,  
And does with grace and mercy crown.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace,  
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,  
His willing mercy flows apace,
- 4 God will not always harshly chide  
But with his anger quickly part  
And loves his punishments to guide,  
More by his love than our desert.

PRAYER BOOK, NEW VERSION.

## 51.

*Praise to the Greatness of God.*

[“ Thou art my God, and I praise thee.”—

Psa. cxviii. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD from his cloudy cistern pours  
On the parch'd earth enriching showers,  
The grove, the garden, and the field,  
A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 2 The world's foundations, by his hand  
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;  
He binds the ocean in his chain,  
Lest it should drown the earth again.

- 3 When earth was covered with the flood,  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thunder'd and the ocean fled,  
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 4 The swelling billows know their bound,  
And in their channels walk their round ;  
Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame  
An equal honor to his name !

WATT .

## 52.

*The Creatures Praising God.*

"The Lord shall rejoice in his works."—  
Psa. 104. (L. M.)

- 1 VAST are thy works, Almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stands  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 2 How great thy glories in the deep,  
Where fish in millions swim and creep,  
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,  
Still wandering in the paths below.
- 3 There ships divide their wat'ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play,  
There dwells the huge Leviathan,  
And foams, and sports, in spite of man.
- 4 While each receives their different food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good ;  
Eagles and bears, and whales, and worms,  
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

WATTS

## 53.

*Singing in the Middle Watch.*

“ At midnight I will give thanks unto thee.”—  
Psa. 119. (L. M.)

- 1 YES, Lord, my grateful voice I'll raise,  
At midnight, in my watch at sea,  
The floods shall hear me sing thy praise,  
And tell what grace has done for me.
- 2 The moon and stars, and fish shall hear,  
Millions shall catch the grateful sound,  
And winds shall o'er the ocean bear  
My praise till earth and heaven rebound.
- 3 I'll praise for grace already given,  
I'll praise for grace I'm yet to have,  
I'll praise for grace “ *reserved in heaven,*”  
With glory crown'd beyond the grave.—

Z.

## 54.

*Sailors Singing Hosanna.*

“ If these should hold their peace, the stones  
would cry out.”—Luke 19. (L. M.)

- 1 SHOULD I forbear to praise my God,  
Nor speak of his atoning blood,  
Rocks, seas and storms, and whales would cry,  
“ Quake loudly earth, veil, veil thou say.”
- 2 Say not “ bid seamen hold their peace,”  
O no, we'll never, never cease ;  
Angels and men shall hear us tell  
How Jesus saved our souls from hell.
- 3 Hosanna's Lord we will prolong,  
Hosanna shall be still our song,  
Hosanna thro' the earth shall fly,  
Hosanna Lord shall rend the sky.



- 4 Hosanna, Jordan's waves shall bear  
 Hosanna, blazing worlds shall hear,  
 Hosanna, heaven's arch shall ring,  
 Eternal praise to Christ our King.

Z.

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 ANGELIC APOSTACY.
 

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55.

*The First Rebellion.*

"The Angels kept not their first estate."—  
*Jude. (L. M.)*

- 1 WHEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,  
 And form'd all nature with a word,  
 The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,  
 And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,  
 Satan, a tall Archangel sat;  
 Among the morning stars he sung,  
 Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state
- 3 'Twas sin that hurled him from his throne,  
 Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies,  
 How art thou sunk in darkness down,  
 Son of the morning, from the skies?

WATTS.

56.

*The First Seduction.*

"The Serpent beguiled through his subtlety."—  
*2 Cor. 2. (L. M.)*

- 1 WHEN Satan saw his rebel host,  
 His cause and heaven for ever lost,  
 Malice and wrath his mind possess'd,  
 And fury burn'd within his breast.

- 2 He knew how vain th' attempts to rise,  
 With impious rage against the skies,  
 But bent on ill, another way  
 He turns his arms, and wins the day.
- 1 'Twas in a dark unguarded hour,  
 That our first Parents felt his power;  
 Soft innocence and virtue fell  
 An easy prey to death and hell.
- 1 Ye sons of God, the tempter fly,  
 Nor the unequal contest try,  
 By promised bliss the fiend decoys,  
 First he allures, and then destroys.

BEDDOME.

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## HUMAN APOSTACY.

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57.

*Ruin and Recovery.*

"By one man sin entered into the world."—  
 Rom. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN Adam sinned, through all his race,  
 The dire contagion spread,  
 Sickness and death, and deep disgrace,  
 Sprang from our fallen head.
- 2 Corruption flows through all our veins,  
 Our moral beauty's gone,  
 The gold is fled, the dross remains,  
 Oh sin, what hast thou done?
- 3 Jesus reveal thy pardoning grace,  
 And draw our souls to thee,  
 Thou art the only hiding place,  
 Where ruined souls can flee.

BEDDOME.

## 58.

*The First and Second Adam.*

“The last Adam was made a quickening spirit.”—  
1 Cor. 15. (C. M.)

WITH flowing eyes and bleeding hearts,  
A blasted world survey,  
See the wide ruin sin hath wrought  
In one unhappy day!

2 Adam in God's own image form'd,  
From God and bliss estranged,  
And all the joys of Paradise,  
For guilt and horror changed.

3 But, O my soul, with rapture hear,  
The *Second Adam* came,  
And the celestial gifts he brings,  
To all his seed proclaim.

4 Praise to his rich mysterious grace,  
Even by our fall we rise,  
And gain for earthly Eden lost,  
A heavenly paradise.

‘DODDRIDGE.

## 59.

*Enlightened Confession.*

“In sin did my mother conceive me.”—  
Psa. 51. (L. M.)

1 LORD I am vile, conceived in sin,  
And born unholy, and unclean;  
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Behold I fall before thy face,  
My only refuge is thy grace,  
No outward forms can make me clean,  
The leprosy lies deep within.

- 3 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone,  
 Hath power sufficient to atone,  
 Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

WATTS.

## 60.

*Commisseration of Human Woe.*

“Weep day and night for the slain.”—  
 Jer. 9. (L. M.)

- SEE human nature sunk in shame,  
 1 See scandals pour'd on Jesus's name,  
 The Father wounded thro' the Son,  
 The world abus'd, the soul undone.
- 2 See the short course of vain delight,  
 Closing in everlasting night,  
 In flames that no abatement know,  
 Tho' briny tears for ever flow.
- 3 My God I feel the mournful scene,  
 My bowels yearn o'er dying men,  
 And fain my pity would reclaim,  
 And snatch the fire brands from the flame.
- 4 But feeble my compassion proves,  
 And can but weep where most it loves ;  
 Thy own all-saving arm employ,  
 And turn these drops of grief to joy.

DODDRIDGE.

## 61.

*Wrath and Grace.*

“God spared not the angels, but cast them down  
 to hell.”—2nd Peter 2. (C. M.)

- 1 DOWN headlong from their native skies,  
 The rebel angels fell,  
 And thunderbolts of flaming wrath,  
 Pursued them down to hell.

- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,  
 Rebellious man was hurl'd,  
 And Jesus stooped beneath the grave  
 To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree,  
 Unmeasurable grace,  
 That heav'ns eternal darling died,  
 To save a trait'rous race.

WATTS.

## 62.

*A Lost World.*

“Bringing in the flood upon the world of the  
 ungodly.”—2nd Peter 2. (C. M.)

- 1 A SHIPWRECK'D world bestrews the shores,  
 Of vast eternity,  
 While Sinai's thund'ring tempest roars,  
 Man's endless destiny.
- 2 Wreck'd in the storm which sin had rais'd,  
 The whole creation groans,  
 While fiery hills their light'nings blaze,  
 'Mid natures dying moans.
- 3 But grace,—what wonders grace has done,  
 Sinners be not afraid,  
 God lov'd the world, and gave his Son,  
 And Christ the storm allay'd.
- 4 The rage of heav'n and hell he bore,  
 And died a world to save,  
 Triumphant reach'd yon blissful shore,  
 Nor left an angry wave.
- 5 Here's refuge from the stormy blast,  
 To Christ let sinners steer,  
 On him be my soul's anchor cast,  
 Millions have harbour'd here.

Z.

## THE MESSIAH'S INCARNATION.

## 63.

*The Virgin's Son.*

"A Virgin shall bear a Son, God with us."—  
Matt. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 LET devils flee, let men adore,  
Let tidings spread from shore to shore,  
Jehovah deigns on earth to dwell,  
Among the heirs of death and hell.
- 2 His matchless glories he conceals,  
And but his boundless love reveals,  
He wraps his godhead in our clay,  
And comes to take our guilt away.
- 3 With melting hearts to him apply,  
Believe and you shall never die;  
Your souls, your all to Jesus give,  
For he has bled that ye might live.

WESTLAKE'S SELECTION.

## 64.

*The Triumph of the Skies.*

"Glory to God in the highest."—  
Luke 2.

- 1 JOYFUL all ye seamen rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
Hail the heav'n born prince of peace,  
Hail the sun of righteousness.
- 2 Come desire of nations, come  
Fix in us thy humble home,  
Rise the woman's promis'd seed,  
Bruise in us the serpent's head.

- 3 Glory to the new-born King,  
 Let us all the anthem sing,  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled."

WESLEYS

65.

*The Heavenly Chorus.*

"The heavenly host praising God."—  
 Luke 2. (C. M.)

- 1 HARK! the Cherubic armies shout,  
 And glory leads the song,  
 "Good will and peace" are heard throughout  
 Th' harmonious heavenly throng.
- 2 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,  
 Glory to God on high,  
 Good will and peace are now complete,  
 Jesus was born to die.
- 3 Hail, Prince of Life, for ever hail,  
 Redeemer,—Brother,—Friend,  
 Though earth, and time, and life should fail,  
 Thy praise shall never end.

MEDLEY.

66.

*Scenes at Bethlehem.*

"She brought forth her first-born son."—  
 Luke 2. (L. M.)

- 1 CONFUS'D and thronged like some vast fair,  
 Was Beth'lem, while Augustus poll'd,  
 When lo! at eve, an humble pair,  
 From Naz'reth came to be enroll'd.
- 2 At Beth'lem's Inn they sought for rest,  
 But crowds and wild uproar repel,  
 Content they find "The Stable" best,  
 And choose with *harmless* brutes to dwell.

## 42 THE MESSIAH'S INCARNATION.

- 3 On heaps of straw she sought repose,  
Who soon the holy infant bore,  
Enwrapt her babe in swaddling cloathes,  
And smil'd to find her sorrows o'er.
- 4 In yon low manger lies her child,  
How sweet He sleeps—she slumbers too ;  
Sweet solemn scene,—how calm—how mild,  
While wine inflames the inn's base crew.
- 5 Sleep on sweet babe—flow fast my tears,  
In silent torrents, downward flow,  
Thus clad in flesh my God appears,  
To save from hell—he laid thus low.
- 6 O ye that plow the trackless seas,  
Come view this scene, and weep, and love,  
Then sing “To man eternal peace,  
And glory be to God above.”

Z.

## 67.

### *Messiah's Condescension.*

“The express image of His person.”—  
Heb. 1. (P. M.)

- 1 BRIGHTNESS of thy Father's glory,  
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie,  
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,  
Sing the Lord who came to die.  
Hallelujah, Amen.
- 2 Did archangels sing thy coming,  
Did the shepherds learn their lays,  
Shame would cover me ungrateful,  
Should my tongue refuse to praise.
- 3 From the highest throne in glory,  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
All to ransom guilty sailors,  
Flow my praise, for ever flow.

ROBINSON



## 68.

*Joy at Messiah's Coming.*

“ Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.”—  
Psa. 96. (C. M.)

- 1 LET heaven proclaim the Saviour reigns,  
Seamen their songs employ,  
While fields, and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 2 He comes to save a ruin'd race,  
Their dreadful loss restore,  
Let seamen shout his sov'reign grace,  
And all the ocean roar.
- 3 Adoring Angels at his birth,  
Make the Redeemer known,  
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,  
And angels guard his throne.
- 4 His foes shall tremble at his sight,  
And hills and seas retire,  
His children take their unknown flight,  
And leave the world on fire.

WATTS, ALTERED.

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 LIFE OF CHRIST.
 

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## 69.

*His Baptism.*

“ When he was baptised the heavens were opened.”—  
Matt. 3. (C. M.)

- 1 SEE from on high a light divine,  
On Jesus head descend,  
And hear the sacred voice from heav'n  
That bids us all attend.

- 2 His mission thus confirm'd from heav'n,  
The great Messiah came,  
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,  
In God his Father's name.
- 3 O may we then, who own him Lord,  
And his lov'd name profess,  
By all our words, and actions prove,  
That we his mind possess.

CARPENTER'S.

## 70.

*His Doctrine.*

"If any man will do his will, he shall know the doctrine."--Jno. 7. (S. M.)

- 1 JESUS, the light of men,  
His doctrine life imparts,  
O may we feel its quickening power,  
To warm and cheer our hearts.
- 2 Blessed by its beams, our souls  
Shall run the heavenly way,  
The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,  
Will lead to endless day.

CARPENTER'S.

## 71.

*His Example.*

"He hath left us an example."—  
1 Peter 2. (L. M.)

- 1 BLEST Jesus, when I read thy zeal,  
Thy deference to thy Father's will,  
Thy love and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 2 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervor of his prayer;  
The desert his temptations knew,  
His conflict, and his victory too.

- 3 Each fleeting hour he pass'd away,  
 In sweet communion with his God,  
 O let us learn of Him to pray,  
 And tread the path which Jesus trod.

WATTS, ALTERED.

## 72.

*His Poverty.*

“For our sakes he became poor.”—  
 2 Cor. 6. (L. M)

- 1 INUR'D to poverty and pain,  
 A suffering life my master led,  
 The Son of God, the Son of Man,  
 He had not where to lay his head
- 2 But lo a place he hath prepar'd,  
 For me, whom watchful angels keep,  
 Yea, he himself becomes my guard,  
 He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.
- 3 How do thy mercies close me round,  
 For ever be thy name ador'd,  
 I blush in all things to abound,  
 The Servant is *above* his Lord.

WESLEY.

## 73.

*His Pattern.*

“Looking unto Jesus.”—Heb. 12. (L. M)

- 1 WITH warm delight and grateful joy,  
 Let all our best affections move,  
 When we on Christ our thoughts employ.  
 On Him, whom though unseen, we love.
- 2 How bright a pattern, and how pure,  
 Hath he in all things kindly given,  
 To make our path of duty sure,  
 And guide our wand'ring steps to heaven.

CARPENTER'S.

## 74.

*His Sorrows.*

“He was acquainted with grief.”—  
Isa. 53. (P. M.)

- 1 WHAT could my Redeemer move,  
To leave his Father's throne,  
Pity drew him from above,  
To make his mercy known.  
Swift to succour sinful man,  
Sinking into endless woe,  
Jesus to our rescue ran,  
And God appear'd below.
- 2 God in this dark vale of tears,  
A man of griefs was seen,  
Here for three and thirty years  
He dwelt with sinful men.  
Did they know the Deity?  
Did they own him, who he was?  
See the friend of sinners, see  
He hangs on yonder cross?

WESLEY.

## 75.

*His Character.*

“Meek and lowly in heart, ye shall find rest.”—  
Matt. 11. (C. M.)

- 1 BE Christ our pattern and our guide,  
His image may we bear!  
Oh may we trace his sacred steps,  
And his bright glories share.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was his divine employ.
- 3 Lowly in heart to all his friends,  
A friend and servant found,  
He wash'd their feet, he wiped their tears,  
And healed each bleeding wound.

- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,  
 Before his Father's throne,  
 With soul resign'd he bow'd and said,  
 "Thy will, not mine, be done."

CARPENTER'S.

## 76.

### *His Transfiguration.*

"We were with Him in the holy mount."—  
 2nd Peter 1. (L. M.)

- 1 LO! Christ ascends the sacred height,  
 Where his full glories should appear,  
 Three sailors view the wond'rous sight,  
 "How good it is,"—ascended here.
- 2 Thus Peter spake in vast amaze,  
 When bursting thro' the darken'd air,  
 Celestial glories round him blaze,  
 Majestic, 'mid the Saviour's prayer.
- 3 If transient views like this surprise,  
 And raise the soul from earth's low clod,  
 What must it be beyond the skies,  
 Where Jesus reigns th' exalted God.
- 4 Lord raise poor Seamen once again,  
 To view thy majesty above,  
 And soar beyond this stormy main,  
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

Z.

## 77.

### *His Friendship.*

"Behold how he loved him."—  
 John 11. (L. M.)

- 1 'SEE how he lov'd!' exclaim'd the Jews,  
 When Jesus o'er his Lazarus wept,  
 My grateful heart the words shall use,  
 While on his life my eye is kept.

- 2 See how he lov'd, who travel'd on,  
Teaching the doctrine from the skies,  
Who bade disease and pain be gone,  
And call'd the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he lov'd, who firm, yet mild,  
Patient endur'd the scoffing tongue,  
Tho' oft provok'd, he ne'er revil'd,  
Or did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he lov'd, who never shrank  
From toil or danger, pain or death,  
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,  
And meekly yielded up his breath
- CARPENTER'S

## 78.

*His Tenderness.*

"The disciple who leaned on his breast."—  
John 21. (C. M.)

- 1 A SAILOR once, whom Jesus lov'd,  
Lean'd on his breast and fed,  
While Christ the Lord at supper prov'd  
Himself the living bread.
- 2 O honor'd saint, O glorious place,  
The bosom of our God,  
What can so much display His grace  
To those he bought with blood.
- 3 But may a Sailor poor and low,  
Weary of wandering here,  
May I, tho' vile, be favor'd so,  
And dry up every tear.
- 4 O can'st thou, wilt thou, dearest Lord,  
Give my poor soul this rest,  
Shall I, when storms fulfil thy word,  
Repose upon thy breast.

- 5 Then farewell home, and foreign charms  
 Your influence now shall cease,  
 Reclin'd in Christ my Saviour's arms,  
 I rest in endless peace.

Z.

## 79.

*Hasting to Suffer.*

“ And Jesus went before them.”—  
 Mark 10. (C. M.)

- 1 THE Saviour, what a noble flame  
 Was kindled in his breast,  
 When hasting to Jerusalem,  
 He marched before the rest.
- 2 Good will to men, and zeal for God,  
 His every thought engross,  
 He longs to be baptis'd with blood,  
 He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his sufferings full in view,  
 And woes to us unknown,  
 Forth to the task his spirit flew,  
 'Twas love that urged him on.
- 4 And while thy bleeding glories here  
 Engage our wondering eyes,  
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,  
 And hasten to the skies.

COWPER.

## SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

## 80.

*His Cries and Deliverance.*

"I am deep in waters, the floods overflow me."  
Psa. 69. (C. M.)

- 1 NOW let our lips with holy fear  
And mournful pleasure sing,  
The sufferings of our great high priest,  
The sorrows of our king.
- 2 "Save me, O God, the swelling floods  
Break in upon my soul,  
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head,  
Like mighty waters roll."
- 3 He saved me from the dreadful deep,  
Nor let my soul be drown'd,  
He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet,  
On well establish'd ground.
- 4 'Twas in a most accepted hour,  
My prayer arose on high,  
And for my sake my God shall hear  
The dying sinners cry.

WATTS, ALTERED.

## 81.

*Gethsemane.*

"A place named Gethsemane."  
[Mark 14. (P. M.)

- 1 SAILORS, mark the dreadful night,  
Vengeance with its iron rod,  
Stood, and with collected might,  
Bruis'd the harmless Lamb of God.  
See my soul, thy Saviour see,  
Gro'ling in Gethsemane.



- 2 There my God bore all my guilt,  
 This thro' grace can be believ'd,  
 But the sorrows which he felt,  
 Are too vast to be conceived.  
 None can penetrate thro' thee,  
 Doleful, dark, Gethsemane.
- 3 Here's my claim, and here alone,  
 None a Saviour more can need,  
 Deeds of righteousness I've none,  
 No, not one good work to plead.  
 Not a glimpse of hope for me,  
 Only in Gethsemane.

HART'S COLLECTION.

## 82.

*His Companions in the Garden.*

“Peter and the two sons of Zebedee.”—  
 Matt. 26. (C. M.)

- 1 WHO were the highly honor'd three,  
 Selected by the Lord,  
 To enter sad Gethsemane,  
 When vengeance drew its sword.
- 2 O grace how rich! how free! that chose,  
 Seamen of Galilee,  
 When Jesus sunk beneath our woes,  
 In blood stained agony.
- 3 May sailors for this haven steer,  
 And see their Jesus there,  
 Behold his bloody sweat, and hear  
 His agonizing prayer.
- 4 Be then this port my chief delight,  
 'Till moor'd in heaven above,  
 Weeping I'll gaze upon the sight,  
 And be dissolv'd in love.

## 83.

*Strengthened by an Angel.*

“ There appeared an angel unto him.”—  
 Luke 22. (P. M.)

- 1 SEE his disciples slumb'ring round,  
 Nor pitying friend on earth is found,  
 He treads the press alone ;  
 In vain to heaven he turns his eyes,  
 The curse awaits him from the skies,  
 His death it must atone.
- 2 His earnest prayers, his deep'ning groans,  
 Were heard before angelic thrones,  
 Amazement wrapt the sky,  
 Go strengthen Christ! the Father said,  
 The astonished seraph bow'd his head,  
 And left the realms on high.
- 3 Made strong in strength renew'd from heaven,  
 Jesus revives, the cup was given,  
 And perfectly resign'd ;  
 He drinks the wormwood mixt with gall,  
 Sustains the curse, removes it all,  
 Nor leaves a dreg behind.

RIPPONS.

## 84.

*His Agony.*

“ Being in an agony he prayed.”—  
 Luke 22. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD him in his bloody sweat,  
 And see him on the tree,  
 Oh could I but indulge a hope,  
 That there he died for me.
- 2 Those hands stretch'd out upon the tree,  
 Are now with blessings fill'd ;  
 That mournful seed, time shall at last,  
 A joyful harvest yield.

BEDDOME.

## 85.

*His Scourging.*

“ Pilate took Jesus and scourged him.”—  
John 19. (L. M.)

- 1 O THOU, dear suffering Son of God,  
How doth thy heart to sinners move,  
Help me to catch thy precious blood,  
Help me to taste thy dying love.
- 2 See! how his back the scourges tear,  
While to the bloody pillar bound,  
The ploughers make long furrows there,  
Till all his body is one wound.
- 3 Ye that pass by, behold the man!  
The man of griefs condemned for you,  
The Lamb of God for sinners slain,  
Weeping to Calvary pursue.

WESLEY.

## 86.

*His Tortures.*

“ Him have ye slain.”—Acts 2. (C. M.)

- 1 O THE sharp pangs of smarting pain,  
Our dear Redeemer bore,  
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
His sacred body tore.
- 2 'Twere you, our sins, our cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were,  
Each of our crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
- 3 Strike, mighty grace, each flinty soul,  
'Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown our eyes,  
In undissembled woe.

WATTS.

## HIS CROSS.

87.

*Meditation at Sea.*

“He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.—Isa. 53. (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN from the bosom of the deep,  
My thoughts o'er Jesu's sorrows rove,  
I view the blood-stained cross and weep,  
Till all my soul's dissolv'd in love.
- 2 What tho' rude storms have rent our bark,  
And billows after billows roll'd,  
No waves e'er dash'd across the Ark,  
Were half so vast—so wild—so bold.
- 3 I hear my Jesu's sinking cry,  
“Lord save, O save, thy Son implores,”  
I see his dreadful agony,  
While heaven its mighty vengeance pours.
- 4 The storm is o'er, the tempest dies,  
Eternal calms shall now prevail,  
To Heaven I see my Saviour rise,  
And spread for Heaven my soul's best sail.

Z.

88.

*Faith Working by Love.*

“He hath poured out his soul unto death.”—  
Isa. 53. (C. M.)

- 1 WAS it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

- 2 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
 And shut his glory in,  
 When Christ the mighty Saviour died,  
 For man, the creature's sin.
- 3 Large drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe,  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

WATTS, ALTERED.

## 89.

*Unequalled Sorrow.*

"His visage was marred more than any man's."—  
 Isa. 52. (P. M.)

- 1 SAILORS, behold as ye pass by,  
 The bleeding prince of life and peace,  
 Come, see ye worms, your Maker die,  
 And say was ever grief like his.  
 Come feel with me his blood applied,  
 My Lord, my love, is crucified.
- 2 Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
 And gladly catch the healing stream,  
 All things for him account but dross,  
 And give up all our hearts to him.  
 Of nothing speak, or think beside,  
 My Lord, my love, is crucified.

WESLEY.

## 90.

*Conviction at the Cross.*

"Jesus whom ye slew and hanged on a tree."—  
 Acts 5. (C. M.)

- 1 'T WAS in an hour when wrath prevail'd,  
 And powers of darkness rose,  
 A sudden groan my ear assail'd,  
 Expressing dying woes.

- 2 I turn'd—then wonder'd as I stood,  
 At what mine eyes survey'd,  
 A Prince, expiring in his blood,  
 And on a cross display'd !
- 3 I knew him, though his thorny crown  
 Dimm'd his majestic air,  
 Then I demanded, with a frown,  
 What traitor fix'd him there ?
- 4 No answer to my voice I heard,  
 Nor could discern a foe,  
 When lo ! his fainting head he rear'd,  
 And spake in words of woe.
- 5 “ Cease wretch, from vain enquiry rest,  
 My cruel murd'rer see,  
 Thy sins have rent my bleeding breast,  
 And nail'd me to the tree.
- 6 Trembling I fell, and kiss'd his wounds,  
 And wiped the gore away,  
 I saw him smooth his killing frowns,  
 And heard him gently say.
- 7 “ Rise, let thy heart its griefs compose,  
 Thy Saviour can forgive ;  
 He feels the burden of thy woes,  
 And dies to bid thee live.

HUMPHREY'S COLLECTION.

## 91.

### *Christ Carrying his Cross.*

“ And he bearing his cross went forth.”—  
 Jno. 19. (C. M.)

- 1 WHAT object's this, that meets mine eyes,  
 From out Jerus'lem's gate,  
 Which fills my mind with sad surprise,  
 While trembling here I wait.

- 2 Who can it be that groans beneath  
 A pond'rous cross of wood,  
 Whose soul's o'erwhelm'd in pains of death,  
 Whose body's bath'd in blood.
- 3 Alas! 'tis Jesu's anguish'd form,  
 Bearing this accursed tree,  
 I'll creep beside him as a worm,  
 And see him die for me.
- 4 I'll hear his groans, and view his wounds, 'till  
 Until with happy John,  
 I on his breast a place have found,  
 Sweetly to lean upon.

LADY H. COLLECTION.

## 92.

*Miracles at the Crucifixion.*

"There they crucified him."—Jno. 19. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the purple torrents run  
 Down from his hands and head,  
 The crimson tide puts out the sun,  
 His groans awake the dead.
- 2 The trembling earth—the darken'd sky,  
 Proclaim the truth aloud,  
 And with the amaz'd centurion cry,  
 "This is the Son of God."
- 3 So great, so vast a sacrifice,  
 May well my hope revive,  
 If God's own Son thus bleeds and dies,  
 The sinner saved must live.

STENNETT.

## 93.

*Weeping at the Cross.*

“ Mine eye affecteth my heart.”—  
Lam. 3. (P. M.)

FLOW fast my tears, yet faster flow,  
Streams copious as yon purple tide ;  
'Twas I that dealt the deadly blow,  
I urg'd the hand that pierced his side.  
Keen pangs and agonizing smart,  
Oppress his soul and rend his heart,  
While Justice, arm'd with pow'r divine,  
Pours on *his* head, what's due to *mine*.

- 2 Fast, and yet faster flow my tears,  
Love breaks the heart and drains the eyes,  
His visage marr'd, towards heav'n he rears,  
And pleading for his murd'ers dies !  
My grief nor measure knows, nor end,  
'Till he appears the sinner's friend,  
And gives me in a happy hour,  
To feel the risen Saviour's pow'r.

HART.

## 94.

*Efficacy of the Atonement.*

“ He became obedient to the death of the  
cross.”—Phil. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 THE Cross! the Cross! Oh! that's my gain,  
Because on that the Lamb was slain,  
'Twas there my Lord was crucified,  
'Twas there for me my Saviour died.
- 2 The cause was love, I sink with shame,  
Before my sacred Jesus name,  
That thou should'st bleed, and slaughter'd be,  
Because--because thou lovest me !

LADY H. COLLECTION.



## 95.

*Gazing on the Cross.*

“They shall look upon me.”—  
Zech. 12 (P. M.)

1 SWEET the moments rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross I spend,  
Life and health, and peace possessing,  
From the sinners dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit, for ever viewing  
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood,  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead, and claim my peace with God.

ROBINSON.

## 96.

*Fellowship with Christ in his Sufferings.*

“Your life is hid with Christ in God.”—  
Col. 3. (L. M.)

1 HOW blest are they who still abide,  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side,<sup>1</sup>  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live.

2 Give me to feel thy agonies,  
One drop of thy sad cup afford,  
I fain with thee would sympathize,  
And share the sufferings of my Lord.

WESLEY.

## 97.

*The Sinner's greatest Comfort.*

“Lifted up from the earth I will draw all men  
unto me.”—Jno. 12. (P. M.)

1 FROM the Cross uplifted high,  
Where the Saviour deigns to die,  
What melodious sounds I hear,  
Bursting on my ravish'd ear:  
Love's redeeming work is done,  
Come and welcome, sinner come.

- 2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,  
 Why beneath thy burdens groan?  
 On my pierced body laid,  
 Justice owns the ransom paid :  
 Bow the knee and kiss the Son,  
 Come and welcome, sinner come

JONES'S COLLECTION.

## 98.

*A Suffering Saviour Realized*

“The Lord looked upon Peter.”—  
 Luke 22. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN Jesus hung upon the tree,  
 In agonies and blood,  
 He fix'd his languid eyes on me  
 As near his cross I stood.
- 2 Sure never till my latest breath,  
 Can I forget that look,  
 It seem'd to charge me with his death,  
 Tho' not a word he spoke.
- 3 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,  
 And plung'd me in despair,  
 I saw my sins his blood had spilt,  
 And help'd to nail him there.
- 4 A second look he gave, which said,  
 I freely all forgive ;  
 This blood is for thy ransom paid,  
 I die that thou may'st live.
- 5 With pleasing grief, and mournful joy,  
 My spirit now is fill'd,  
 That I should such a life destroy,  
 Yet live by him I kill'd.

NEWTON

## THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

### 99.

#### *Sympathy at his Death.*

“And all the people smote their breasts.”—  
Luke 23. (L. M.)

- 1 HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo, Salem's daughters weep around,  
A solemn darkness veils the skies,  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come saints and drop a tear or two,  
For him who groan'd beneath your load,  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

LADY H. COLLECTION.

### 100.

#### *Joy at his Death.*

“Who condemneth? It is Christ that died.”—  
Rom. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 SINNERS rejoice, its Christ that died,  
Behold the blood flows from his side,  
To wash your souls, and raise you high,  
To dwell with God above the sky.
- 2 Its Christ that died, O love divine,  
Here mercy, truth, and justice shine,  
God reconciled, and sinners bought,  
With Jesus's blood, how sweet the thought.

## 101.

*Slain for us.*

“He was wounded for our transgressions.”—  
Isa. 53. (C. M.)

- 1 THRICE “Holy Lord,” in heaven they cry,  
When Jesu’s praise they sing,  
On earth they shouted ‘Crucify.’  
And mock’d the lowly king.
- 2 Meek as a Lamb beneath the knife  
Of butchering hands he lay,  
And patiently resign’d the life  
They could not take away.
- 3 Why, O ye saints, ye sinners why,  
Did Jesus suffer thus?  
In heaven they shout, on earth they cry,  
Jesus was slain for us.

SWAIN.

## 102.

*Man hardened at his Death.*

“If thou be the Son of God, come down from  
the cross.”—Matt. 27. (L. M.)

- 1 WHILE flinty rocks were rent with dread,  
While opening graves gave up their dead,  
When the fair sun withdrew his light,  
And hid his head to shun the sight.
- 2 Then stood the wretch of human race,  
And rais’d his head, and shew’d his face,  
Gaz’d unconcern’d when nature fail’d,  
Scoffed at thy dying pangs, and rail’d.
- 3 Harder than rocks and mountains are,  
Than senseless earth, more senseless far  
Man view’d unmov’d the flowing stream,  
Nor ever dream’d it flow’d for him.

- 4 O love of unexampled kind,  
 Leaving all mortal thought behind,  
 Where length and breadth, and depth and height,  
 Are lost to our astonish'd sight!

HART.

## 103.

*Invited to view his Death.*

“Go forth unto Him, without the camp.”—  
 Heb. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 O'ERWHELMED with guilt and grief, and woe,  
 Go forth my soul, to Calvary, go,  
 For Satan dreading fresh disgrace,  
 Dares not approach that sacred place.
- 2 Behold with fix'd and wondering eyes,  
 The great atoning sacrifice,  
 Christ bore thy hell, that he might be  
 A heaven, and more than heaven to thee.
- 3 Go view by faith that crimson flood,  
 Which quenched the fiery wrath of God,  
 That sov'reign balm whose virtue flows  
 To heal thy wounds, and ease thy woes.

BEDDOMB.

## 104.

*Remember Calvary.*

“Ye that have escaped, remember the Lord.”—  
 Jer. 51. (L. M.)

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love,  
 We now recall to mind,  
 Send the answer from above,  
 And let us mercy find:  
 Think on us, who think on thee,  
 And every struggling soul release,  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.

- 2 By thine agonizing pain,  
 And bloody sweat, we pray,  
 By thy dying love to man,  
 Take all our sins away ;  
 Burst our bonds and set us free,  
 From all iniquity release,  
 O remember Calvary,  
 And bid us go in peace.

[WESLEY.

## 105.

### *A Sailor on Calvary.*

“ He that saw it bare record, and his record  
 is true.”—John 19. (P. M.)

- 1 HIGH on the Cross, transfix'd in blood,  
 While vengeance roll'd a fiery flood,  
 And storms of hell arose ;  
 Abhor'd by men, by God forsook,  
 Messiah all my sorrows took,  
 O'erwhelm'd with mighty woes.
- 2 Nature convuls'd, creation groan'd,  
 While earth the Son of God disown'd,  
 And friends had basely fled ;  
 The rocks are rent, the dead arise,  
 And midnight darkness veils the skies,  
 He shouts, and lo he's dead.
- 3 Amid the crowd a Sailor stands,  
 And hears his dying Lord's commands,  
 And sees the soldiers spear ;  
 He saw the gushing crimson flood,  
 A fountain ope'd of precious blood,  
 And bears his record here.

Z.

## 106.

*The Wonders of Redemption.*

"Who is like unto thee, doing wonders."  
Exod. 15. (S. M.)

- 1 SURVEY the wond'rous cure,  
Let higher wonder rise,  
Pardon for infinite offence,  
Bought by infinite price.
  - 2 A pardon bought with blood,  
With blood divine of Him,  
I made my foe, and still provok'd,  
Tho' woo'd and aw'd I've been
  - 3 Blest and chastis'd, I still,  
A flagrant rebel stood,  
Amid the thunders of his throne,  
Oppos'd to all that's good.
  - 4 Nor I alone rebell'd,  
A rebel universe,  
My species up in arms appear'd,  
And Calvary's suff'rer pierce.
  - 5 Yet for the foulest wretch,  
The Son of God expires,  
Bound ev'ry heart, each bosom burn,  
All heav'n resound your lyres.
- DR. YOUNG, ALTERED.
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## RESURRECTION OF CHRIST

107.

*The Captive Released.*

“The Lord is risen indeed.”—Luke 25. (L. M.)

PRISING from the silent tomb,  
See the victorious Jesus come,  
The Almighty captive quits the pris'n,  
And angels tell—“the Lord is ris'n.”

- 2 Believers bless your risen head,  
The first begotten from the dead,  
Your resurrection's sure, thro' his,  
To endless life, and boundless bliss.

HART.

108.

*The Risen Lord.*

“Behold I am alive for evermore.”—  
Rev. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, once number'd with the dead,  
Unseals his eyes to sleep no more,  
And ever lives their cause to plead,  
For whom the pains of death he bore.
- 2 Thy risen Lord my soul behold,  
See the rich diadem he wears,  
Thou too shalt bear an harp of gold,  
To crown thy joy when he appears.

RIPPONS.



## 109.

*He Rises to Reign.*

“In Christ shall all be made alive.”—  
1 Cor. 15. (L. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the wonders of his power,  
He triumphs in his dying hour,  
And while by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 2 Then were the hosts of death subdued,  
And sin was drown'd in Jesus blood,  
Then he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love.

WATTS.

## 110.

*Cherubic Legions.*

“Jesus said, All hail.”—Matt. 27. (L. M.)

- 1 THE rising God forsakes the tomb,  
In vain the tomb forbids his rise,  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 2 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,  
How high our great Deliverer reigns,  
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster death in chains.

LADY H. COLLECTION.



## THE ASCENSION.

## 111.

*Angels Waiting on Christ*

“Let all the angels of God worship him.”—  
Heb. i. (C. M.)

- 1 THROUGH all his travels here below,  
They did his steps attend,  
Oft gaz'd, and wondered where at last,  
The scene of love would end.
- 2 They saw his heart transfix'd with wounds,  
With crimson sweat and gore,  
They saw him break the bars of death,  
Which none e'er broke before.
- 3 They brought his chariot from above,  
To bear him to his throne,  
Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried,  
“The glorious work is done.”

HILL'S COLLECTION.

## 112.

*Noblest Music:*

“The four beasts and four and twenty elders fell  
down before the Lamb, having every one of  
them harps, and golden vials full of odours.”—  
Rev. 5. (S. M.)

- 1 COME all harmonious tongues,  
Your noblest music bring,  
'Tis Christ, the everlasting God,  
And Christ the man we sing.
- 2 Alas! the cruel spear  
Went deep into his side,  
And the rich flood of purple gore!  
Their murd'rous weapon dyed.

- 3 The waves of swelling grief  
 Did o'er his bosom roll,  
 And mountains of Almighty wrath,  
 Lay heavy on his soul.
- 4 Down to the shades of death  
 He bow'd his awful head,  
 Yet he arose to live and reign,  
 When death itself was dead.

WATTS.

## 113.

*The Triumphal Chariot.*

“Man hath led captivity captive.”—Psa. 68.

- 1 LO! his triumphal chariot waits,  
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,  
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
 Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 3 Who is the King of glory? who?  
 The Lord of glorious power possess,  
 The King of Saints, and Angels too,  
 God over all for ever blest.

LADY H. COLLECTION.

## 114.

*Shouts of Joy.*

“Saying, with a loud voice, worthy is the  
 Lamb.”—Rev. 5.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy,  
 To God the sov'reign King,  
 Let every land their tongues employ,  
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus, our God, ascends on high,  
 His heavenly guards around,  
 Attend him rising thro' the sky,  
 With trumpets joyful sound.

- 3 While Angels shout and praise their king,  
 Let Sailors learn their strains,  
 Let all the earth his honors sing,  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,  
 He lov'd that chosen race,  
 But now he calls the world his own,  
 And Sailors taste his grace.

WATTS.

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 EXALTATION OF CHRIST,
 

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## 115.

*The Blissful Choir.*

"Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and  
 honour, and power." Rev. 4.

- 1 NOW let us raise our cheerful strains,  
 And join the blissful choir above,  
 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And there they sing his wond'rous love.
- 2 While seraphs tune the immortal song,  
 O may we feel the sacred flame,  
 And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
 Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

STEELE,

## 116.

*Christ Exalted.*

"Far above all principality and power."—Eph. 4.

- 1 JESUS, the name high over all,  
 In hell, or earth, or sky,  
 Angels and men before it fall,  
 And devils fear and fly.

- 2 Jesus, the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given!  
It scatters all their guilty fear,  
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 Jesus, the prisoners fetters breaks,  
And bruises Satan's head,  
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead.
- 4 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise,  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of his grace!

WESLEY.

## 117.

*The Prince of Life.*

"For he must reign till he hath put all enemies  
under his feet."—1 Cor. 15.

- 1 HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,  
Who holds the keys of death and hell,  
The spacious world unseen is his,  
And sovereign power becomes him well.
- 2 Live, live for ever glorious Lord,  
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends,  
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice,  
That thy dominion never ends.
- 3 For ever reign, victorious King,  
Wide through the earth, thy name be known,  
And call my longing soul to sing  
Sublimers anthems near thy throne.

DODDRIDGE.

## INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

## 118.

*Christ the High Priest.*

“ He ever liveth to make intercession.”—  
Heb. 7.

- 1 OUR great High Priest we sing,  
His dying love adore,  
We hail our rising king,  
Who lives for evermore.  
He only can our wants relieve,  
And sinners *to the utmost save.*
- 2 Why then indulge despair,  
Though sunk in deepest guilt?  
We hear his voice declare,  
For such his blood was spilt.  
In his dear hands my soul I leave,  
For he can to the utmost save.

BODEN.

## 119.

*The Golden Altar.*

“ He offers much incense, with the prayers of all  
saints.”—Rev. 8.

- 1 'T WAS well, my soul, he died for them,  
And shed his vital blood,  
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.
- 2 Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
And saints their offerings bring,  
The priest with his own sacrifice,  
Presents them to the king.

- 3 Jesus alone shall hear my cries,  
 Up to his Father's throne,  
 He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,  
 And sweetens every groan.

WATTS

## 120.

*Christ in Heaven.*

"In the midst of the elders stood a Lamb, as it  
 had been slain."—Rev. 5. (P. M.)

- 1 FIVE bleeding wounds he bears,  
 Receiv'd on Calvary;  
 They pour effectual prayers,  
 They strongly speak for me.  
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,  
 "Nor let that ransom'd sinner die."
- 2 The Father hears him pray,  
 His dear anointed one,  
 He cannot turn away  
 The presence of his Son.  
 His spirit answers to the blood,  
 And tells me I am born of God.

WESLEY.

## 121,

*Appearing for his Saints.*

"Christ appears in the presence of God for us.—  
 Heb. 9. (L. M.)

- 1 REPEATED crimes awake our fears,  
 And Justice arm'd with frowns appears  
 But in the Saviour's lovely face,  
 Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 2 Hence then, ye black despairing thoughts,  
 Above our fears, above our faults,  
 His powerful intercessions rise,  
 And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

## 74. INTERCESSION OF CHRIST.

- 3 In every dark, distressful hour,  
When Sin and Satan join their power,  
Let this dear hope, repel the dart,  
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

STEELE.

## 122.

### *His undisputed Claims.*

“Father, I will, that they may behold my  
glory.”—Jno. 17. (C. M.)

- 1 FOR all that come to God by him,  
Salvation he demands,  
Points to their names upon his breast,  
And spreads his wounded hands.
- 2 His sweet atoning sacrifice,  
Gives sanction to his claim,  
Father I will, that all my saints  
Be with me where I am.
- 3 Eternal life, at his request,  
To every saint is given,  
Safety below, and after death  
The plenitude of heaven.

HOPLADY.

## 123.

### *His Personal Demands.*

“I have prayed for thee.”—Luke 22. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS has shed his vital blood,  
To bring my wand’ring soul to God,  
And still to manifest his love,  
He lives, and pleads for me above.
- 2 “Father I will” the Saviour cries,  
That this poor soul at length may rise,  
From all the depths of sin and woe,  
The riches of my grace to know



- 3 To save his life, thy son was slain,  
 He is the purchase of my pain,  
 I have redeem'd his soul from hell,  
 With me he shall for ever dwell.

WESTLAKE'S COLLECTION.

## 124

### *His efficacious Plea.*

' By his own blood he entered into the holy  
 place.'—Heb. 9. (S. M.)

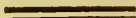
- 1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone,  
 T' appear before our God,  
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne,  
 With his atoning blood.

- 2 No fiery vengeance now,  
 Nor burning wrath comes down,  
 If Justice calls for sinners blood,  
 The Saviour shews his own.

Before his Father's eye,  
 Our humble suit he moves,  
 The Father lays his thunder by,  
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.

- 4 Now may our joyful tongues  
 Our Maker's honor sing,  
 Jesus the Priest receives our songs,  
 And bears them to the king.

WATTS.



## THE ROYAL DOMINION OF CHRIST.

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125.

*His Congratulations.*

“ Christ hath entered into heaven for us.”—  
Heb. 9. (P. M.)

- 1 HEAVEN its King congratulates,  
Opens wide her golden gates,  
Angels songs of victory sing,  
All the blissful regions ring.
- 2 Sailors join the heavenly powers,  
For Redemption all is ours,  
None but burden'd sinners prove,  
Blood bought pardon, dying love.
- 3 Hail, thou dear, thou worthy Lord,  
Holy Lamb, incarnate word,  
Hail thou suffering Son of God,  
Take the trophies of thy blood.

HART

126.

*His Coronation.*

“ Behold King Solomon with the Crown.” .  
Cant. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 GO forth, ye saints, with joy behold,  
The crown adorn'd with gems of gold,  
Placed on his sacred head, who wore,  
A painful crown of thorns before.
- 2 That throne for ever shall endure,  
When earthly kingdoms are no more ;  
The Lord his honor will maintain,  
And earth and hell oppose in vain.

BEDDOME.

## 127.

*Viewing His Crown of Glory.*

“ We see Jesus, crown'd with honor and glory.”—  
 Heb. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD your King, your Saviour crown'd  
 With glories all divine ;  
 And tell the wond'ring nations round,  
 How bright those glories shine.
- 2 When in our floating arks we view  
 The glories of our king,  
 We long to love as Angels do,  
 And wish like them to sing.
- 3 O happy period, glorious day!  
 When heaven and earth shall raise,  
 With all their pow'rs, the raptur'd lay,  
 To celebrate their praise.

STEELE

## 128.

*Sailors beholding his Crowns.*

“ On his head were many crowns.”—  
 Rev. 19. (C. M.)

- 1 SAILORS advance, behold your king  
 With God-like honors crown'd,  
 Ten thousand beauties in his word,  
 Shall spread his fame around.
- 2 Where'er the sun begins its race,  
 Or stops its swift career,  
 Both east and west shall own his grace,  
 And Christ be honor'd there.
- 3 Ten thousand crowns, encircling shew  
 The victories he hath won ;  
 O may his conquests ever grow,  
 While time its course shall run.

## 78 ROYAL DOMINION OF CHRIST.

- 4 Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror, ride,  
And millions more subdue,  
Destroy *our* enmity and pride,  
And *we* will crown thee too.

RIPON'S SELECTION.

## 129.

### *Sailors Crowning Him.*

“A crown was given unto him, and he went forth conquering.”—Rev. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus name,  
Let Sailors prostrate fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let those who plough the mighty seas,  
Round this terrestrial ball,  
Think on his bursting agonies,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let Asia's Seamen hail him king,  
Chinese and Lascars, fall,  
Japanese haste, your tribute bring,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Come Afric's Sailors, Egypt's host,  
And Algerines we call,  
Christ and his Cross be all our boast,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 Crown him America throughout,  
Let Isles and main now call.  
Peruvians, Esquimeaux, shall shout,  
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 European Seamen near his feet.  
At Greece and Greenland fall,  
In Christ now all your brethren greet,  
And crown him Lord of all.

- 7 But British Sailors, shout his praise,  
 In loudest anthems call,  
 For wond'rous grace, through endless days,  
 Oh crown him Lord of all.

## 130.

*Grateful Allegiance.*

"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."—  
 Psa. 97. (P. M.)

- 1 YE subjects of the Lord proclaim,  
 The royal honors of his name ;  
*Jehovah reigns*, be all your song,  
 'Tis he, thy God, O Zion reigns,  
 Prepare thy most harmonious strains,  
 Glad hallelujahs to prolong.
- 2 Tremble, ye pageants of a day,  
 Form'd like your slaves, of brittle clay ;  
 Down to the dust your sceptres bend,  
 To everlasting years he reigns,  
 And undiminished pomp maintains,  
 When kings, and suns, and time shall end.
- DODDRIDGE.

## 131.

*The Victory's Won.*

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through  
 our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15. (P. M.)

- 1 LET us awake our joys,  
 Strike up with cheerful voice,  
 Each creature sing ;  
 Angels—begin the song,  
 Mortals—the strain prolong,  
 In accents sweet and strong,  
 Jesus is King.

80 ROYAL DOMINION OF CHRIST.

- 2 Proclaim abroad his fame,  
Tell of his matchless name,  
What wonders done ;  
Shout thro' hell's dark profound,  
Let the whole earth resound,  
'Till the high heav'ns rebound,  
"The Vict'ry's Won."

KINGSBURY.

132.

*The Glories of the Lamb.*

"Thou crownest him with glory and honour."—  
Heb. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,  
Amid his Father's throne,  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let Sailors worship at his feet,  
The Church adore around,  
With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of solemn sound.
- 3 These are the prayers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise,  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid,  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head.

WATTS.

133.

*The Royal Court.*

"Far above all principality and dominion."—  
Eph. 1. (C.M.)

- 1 PRINCES to his imperial throne,  
Bend their bright sceptres down,  
Dominions, powers, and thrones rejoice,  
To see him wear the crown.

- 2 His head, that dear majestic head,  
 Which cruel thorns did wound,  
 Lo, what immortal glories shine,  
 And circle it around.
- 3 This is the Saviour, God and Man,  
 Whom we unseen adore,  
 And when our eyes behold his face,  
 Our hearts shall love him more.
- Lord, set our spirits all on fire,  
 To see thy blest abode,  
 And tune our hearts to sing the praise  
 Of our Incarnate God.

HILL'S COLLECTION

134.

*Regal Honours.*

"Thou hast crowned him with glory and  
 honour."—Psa. 8. (L. M.)

- GLORY his fleecy robe adorns,  
 Mark'd with the bloody death he bore  
 Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns  
 To speak his wisdom and his power
- 2 All the assembling saints around,  
 Fall worshipping before the Lamb,  
 And in new songs of gospel sound,  
 Address their honors to his name.
- 3 Our voices join the heavenly strain,  
 And with transporting pleasure sing,  
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
 To be our teacher and our king.
- 4 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell,  
 With thine invaluable blood,  
 And wretches that did once rebel,  
 Are now made fav'rites of their God.

WATTS.

## 135.

*The Hoary Tar.*

“They that go down to sea in ships, and do business in great waters, they see the works of the Lord.”—Psa. (L. M.)

- 1 O HASTE, victorious prince,  
That happy, glorious day,  
When souls like drops of dew,  
Shall own thy gentle sway.  
O may it bless our longing eyes,  
And bear our shouts beyond the skies.
- 2 To thee the hoary tar,  
His aged honors pays,  
To thee the cabin youth  
Devotes his brightest days.  
And every age their tribute bring  
And bow to thee, all-conquering king.

WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

## 136.

*Light and Truth.*

“O send out thy light and thy truth.”—  
Psa. 43. (P. M.)

- 1 KING of Zion, give the order,  
Send thy light and truth abroad,  
O let Zion stretch her border,  
Zion favor'd of her God.
- 2 Thou can'st form the zealous preacher  
Thou can'st light and love impart,  
Send thy word to every creature,  
Send it to the Sailor's heart.
- 3 O let many now be ready,  
Launching forth at thy command,  
Men of faith, approv'd and steady,  
Leaving all at thy command.



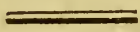
137.

*The Man of Sorrows Crowned.*

'A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.'  
Isa. 53. (P. M.)

- 1 SAILORS look, the sight is glorious,  
See the "man of sorrows" now,  
From the fight return'd victorious,  
Every knee to him shall bow.  
Crown him, crown him,  
Crowns become the victor's brow.
- 2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him,  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings,  
In seat of power enthrone him,  
While the vault of heaven rings.  
Crown him, crown him,  
Crown the Saviour "King of Kings."
- 3 Sinners in derision crown'd him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,  
Saints and angels crowd around him,  
Owns his title, praise his name.  
Crown him, crown him,  
Spread abroad the victor's fame.
- 4 Hark, those bursts of acclamation,  
Hark, those loud triumphant chords,  
Jesus takes the highest station,  
O what joy the sight affords.  
Crown him, crown him,  
"King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

WESLEY.



## THE HOLY SPIRIT.

138.

*The Day of Pentecost.*

“They were all filled with the Holy Ghost.”—  
Acts 2. (P. M.)

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,  
When the divine disciples met,  
While on their heads the spirit came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave,  
And power to kill, and power to save,  
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champion forth,  
From east to west, from south to north,  
“Go and assert your Saviour's cause,  
Go spread the mystery of his Cross.”

WATTS.

139.

*Quickening Fire.*

“My soul cleaveth to the dust, quicken me according  
to thy word.”—Psa. 119. (P. M.)

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, all quick'ning fire,  
Come and my hallow'd heart inspire,  
Sprinkled with the atoning blood ;  
Now to my soul thyself reveal,  
Thy mighty working let me feel,  
And know that I am born of God.

- 2 Be thou my joy, be thou my dread,  
 In battle cover thou my head,  
 Nor earth, nor hell, I then shall fear  
 I then shall turn my steady face,  
 Want, pain defy—enjoy disgrace,  
 Glory in dissolution near.

WESLEY.

## 140.

*The Comforter longed for.*

“He shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.”—Jno. 14. (P. M.)

- 1 COME now, dear Lord, thyself reveal,  
 And let thy promise now take place,  
 Be it according to thy will,  
 According to thy word of grace.  
 Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,  
 And send us down the comforter.
- 2 Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,  
 Our sure inseparable guide,  
 O may we meet and never part,  
 O may he in our hearts abide;  
 And keep his house of praise and prayer,  
 And live and reign for ever there.

HILL'S COLLECTION.

## 141.

*Desiring to be the Lord's Temple.*

“The Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple.”—Mal. 3. (P. M.)

- 1 COME, holy spirit, sacred fire,  
 Come, and in me delight to rest;  
 Drawn by the lure of strong desire,  
 O come and consecrate my breast.  
 The temple of my soul prepare,  
 And fix thy sacred presence there.

Eager for thee I ask and pant,  
 So strong the principle divine,  
 Carries me out with sweet constraint,  
 Till all my hallowed soul is thine.  
 Plung'd in the Godhead's deepest sea,  
 And lost in thy immensity.

WESLEY.

## 142.

*Ezekiel's Vision.*

“Breathe upon these slain, that they may live.”—  
 Ezek. 37. (P. M.)

- 1 BREATHE on these bones, so dry and dead,  
 Thy softest, sweetest, influence shed,  
 In all our hearts abroad ;  
 Point out the place where grace abounds,  
 Direct us to the bleeding wounds,  
 Of our incarnate God.
- 2 Conduct, blest guide, thy sinner train,  
 To Calv'ry, where the Lamb was slain,  
 And with us there abide ;  
 Let us our lov'd Redeemer meet,  
 Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,  
 And view his wounded side.

HART.

## 143.

*A Heavenly Wind.*

“So is every one that is born of the spirit.”—  
 Jno. 3. (C. M.)

- 1 THE blessed spirit, like the wind,  
 Blows when and where he please ;  
 How happy are the men who feel  
 The soul enlivening breeze.

- 2 He moulds the sinner's mind afresh,  
 Subdues the power of sin,  
 Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,  
 And plants his grace within.
- 3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,  
 Applies redeeming blood,  
 Bids both our guilt and fear remove,  
 And brings us home to God.

WILLIAMS'S COLLECTION.

### 144.

*Spirit's Operations prayed for.*

"Take not thy Holy Spirit from me."—  
 Psa. 51. (L. M.)

- 1 COME, sacred spirit! from above,  
 And fill the coldest hearts with love,  
 Soften to flesh the flinty stone,  
 And let thy godlike power be known.
- 2 Our longing souls aloud would sing,  
 Spring up, celestial fountain, spring,  
 To a redundant river flow,  
 And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 3 May this blest torrent near my side,  
 Through all the desert gently glide,  
 Then in Immanuel's land above,  
 Spread to a sea of joy and love.

DODDRIDGE.

### 145.

*Divine Baptism.*

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost."—  
 Matt. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 O THOU whom John at Jordan's stream,  
 And Saul of Tarsus made their boast,  
 Be thou alone our Sailors' theme,  
 Baptise them with the Holy Ghost.

- 2 Sailors thou didst at once inspire,  
 On that blest day of Pentecost,  
 A mighty rushing wind and fire,  
 O'erwhelm'd them with the Holy Ghost.
- 3 Behold a ransom'd Sailor stand  
 Before Jerus'lam's mighty host,  
 Three thousand souls, at God's command,  
 Are baptiz'd with the Holy Ghost.
- 4 O Lord, descend on board our ships,  
 When Sailors meet around the coast,  
 Preserve them on the boist'rous deeps,  
 Baptize them with the Holy Ghost.

## 146.

*Great Need of the Holy Ghost.*

"The Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things."—  
 Jno. 14. (S. M.)

- 1 COME, holy spirit, come,  
 Let thy bright beams arise,  
 Dispel the sorrow from our minds,  
 The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,  
 Then lead to Jesu's blood,  
 And to our wond'rous view reveal  
 The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,  
 Our doubts and fears remove,  
 And kindle in our breasts the flames  
 Of never dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine, to cleanse the heart,  
 To sanctify the soul,  
 To pour fresh life on every part,  
 And new-create the whole.

## 147.

*The Holy Fire.*

“If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father, which is in heaven, give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.”—Matt. 7. (C. M.)

- 1 O THAT in me the sacred fire  
Might now begin to glow,  
Burn up the dross of base desire,  
And make the mountains flow.
- 2 O that it now from heaven might fall,  
And all my sins consume,  
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,  
Spirit of burning, come.
- 3 Refining fire, go thro' my heart,  
Illuminate my soul,  
Scatter thy life thro' every part,  
And sanctify the whole.
- 4 No longer then my heart shall mourn,  
While purified by grace,  
I only for his glory burn,  
And always see his face.

WESLEY.



## THE TRI-UNE GOD.

148.

*The Trinity Celebrated.*

“The name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.”—Matt. 28. (C. M.)

- 1 HAIL, holy, holy, Holy Lord,  
Whom one in three we know,  
By all the heavenly host ador'd,  
By all thy church below.
- 2 Thee, holy Father, we confess,  
Thee, holy Son, adore,  
Thee, spirit of truth and holiness,  
We worship evermore.
- 3 Shine forth with all the deity,  
Which dwells in thee alone,  
And lift us up thy face to see,  
On thy eternal throne!

WESLEY.

149.

*Lauding the Trinity.*

“The grace of our Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all.”—2 Cor. 13. (P. M.)

- 1 HOLY, blessed, glorious three,  
One from all eternity,  
Make us vessels of thy grace,  
Ever running o'er with praise.
- 2 Thee we laud with grateful song,  
Sever'd from the guilty throng,  
Ransom'd by thy Son who died,  
By thy spirit sanctified.



3 O that we thy love might taste,  
 Bless us, and we shall be blessed,  
 Cleanse us, Lord, from sin's abuse,  
 Fit us for the master's use.

4 In our hearts thy temples dwell,  
 With the hope of glory fill ;  
 Be on earth *our guest* divine,  
 Then in heaven we shall be thine.

TOPLADY.

## 150.

### *The Sacred Three adored.*

"There are three that bear record in heaven, the  
 Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost."—  
 1 Jno. 5.

1 TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Equal in wisdom, grace, and power,  
 Let heaven's innumerable host  
 And earth's dispersed tribes adore.

2 Ye children of the Father's choice,  
 And purchase of the Saviour's blood,  
 Seal'd by the spirit, now rejoice,  
 And bless and praise the triune God.

BEDDOME.

## 151.

### *Benefits confer'd.*

Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the  
 Father, through Sanctification of the Spirit,  
 unto obedience, and sprinkling of the blood of  
 Jesus Christ."—1 Peter 1.

1 BLESSED be the Father and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 Rivers of endless joy above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.

- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
From whose dear wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give, sacred spirit praise,  
Who in our hearts of sin and woe,  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

WATTS.

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## COMPARISONS OF CHRIST.

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152.

*The Day Spring.*

"The day spring from on high hath visited us."—  
Luke 1.

- 1 ALL hail, redeeming Lord,  
Sweet day spring from on high,  
All hail, thou sun of righteousness,  
With all thy vital joy.
- 2 Shine, lovely star of day,  
Around and in us shine,  
And our benighted souls shall own,  
Thy light and love divine.
- 3 Our wandering footsteps guide,  
Through all this desert place,  
Beneath thy beams we'll trace the path,  
Of purity and peace.

- 4 Death's vale shall lose its gloom,  
 Cheer'd with thy vital ray,  
 And open to our longing eyes  
 The road to perfect day.

BOYCE.

### 153.

#### *The Star of Bethlehem.*

"They saw the star and rejoiced with exceeding  
 great joy."—Matt. 2.

- 1 ONCE on the raging seas I rode,  
 The storm was loud—the night was dark,  
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.  
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,  
 When suddenly a star arose,  
 It was the star of Bethlehem!
- 2 It was my guide, my light, my all,  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
 And through the storm and dangers thrall  
 It led me to the Port of Peace.  
 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
 For ever, and for ever more,  
 The star! the star of Bethlehem!

KIRKE WHITE.

### 154.

#### *The Star seen by Seamen.*

"I am the bright and morning star."—Rev. 22.

- 1 WE sing the bright and morning star,  
 Jesus, the source of light and love,  
 His purest rays, diffus'd from far,  
 Conduct us to the realms above.

- 2 Midst gloomy darkness spread aboard,  
 This light directs the seaman's way,  
 Still, as he sails, he finds the road,  
 That leads him safe to endless day
- 3 When shall we reach the glorious height,  
 Where this bright star shall brightest shine  
 Leave far behind those scenes of night,  
 And view the lustre all divine.

BEDDOME.

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 CHRIST A SUN.
 

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155.

*A Rising Sun.*

“Unto you that fear his name shall the Sun of  
 righteousness arise, with healing in his wings.”—  
 Mat. 4. (C. M.)

- 1 RISE, glorious sun, supremely bright,  
 Diffuse thy rays abroad,  
 Scatter the shades of gloomy night,  
 And show the heavenly road.
- 2 With healing in thy wings arise,  
 On this dark soul of mine  
 Oh pour thy glories from the skies,  
 And give me life divine.
- 3 Tho' rocks and sands, and seas and snares,  
 Beset the course I go,  
 One ray of thine dispels my fears,  
 And guides me safely through.

## 156.

*The Rays of the Sun.*

“He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.”—  
2 Sam. 33. (L. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD, what sweet reviving rays  
The sun of righteousness displays,  
How fast his beams, divinely bright,  
Dispel the gloomy shades of night.
- 2 But tho' the rays of truth divine,  
With a resplendent lustre shine,  
From the bright beams of heavenly day,  
Men turn with scorn their eyes away.
- 3 Painful to their distemper'd sight,  
They hate these rays of heavenly light ;  
They in their native darkness dwell,  
In love with sin—in league with hell.
- 4 In this their condemnation lies,  
They dare God's richest grace despise,  
The road to death profanely chose,  
And that which leads to life refuse.
- 5 Hail light of life, arise and shine,  
The father's glories all are thine,  
Thine is the power and thine the grace,  
And thine shall be the endless praise.

ROWLAND HILL.

## 157.

*Liberty and Happiness from Christ.*

“A light to lighten the Gentiles.”—  
Luke 2. (L. M.)

- 1 LIGHT of the Gentile world, appear,  
Command the blind thy rays to see,  
Our darkness chase, our sorrows cheer,  
And set the plaintive prisoner free.

- 2 Open mine eyes, the Lamb to know,  
 Who bears the seaman's guilt away,  
 And to my ransom'd spirit show  
 The glories of eternal day.

WESLEY.

## 158.

*Sunshine entreated.* (C. M.)

- 1 ETERNAL sun of righteousness,  
 Display thy beams divine,  
 And cause the glory of thy face,  
 Upon my heart to shine.
- 2 Light in thy light, O may I see,  
 Thy grace and mercy prove,  
 Reviv'd and cheer'd, and blest by thee,  
 The God of pardoning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,  
 And let thy happy child,  
 Behold, without a cloud between,  
 The Godhead reconciled.
- 4 That all comprising peace bestow  
 On me, through grace forgiven,  
 The joys of holiness bestow,  
 And then the joys of heaven.

WESLEY.



## THE ROCK.

159.

*A Rock of Ages.*

“In the Lord Jehovah is the rock of ages.”—  
Isa. 26. (P. M.)

- 1 ROCK of ages! cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy wounded side which flow'd,  
Be of sin the double cure;  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
- 2 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to thy cross I cling;  
Helpless look to thee for grace,  
Naked come to thee for dress;  
Black I to thy fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eye strings break in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See thee on thy judgment throne,  
Rock of ages! shelter me,  
Let me hide myself in thee.

TOPLADY

160.

*The Foundation of the Church.*

“Upon this rock will I build.”—Matt. 16. (L. M.)

- 1 IN persecution's hottest fire,  
Thy church, O God, has stood entire;  
Witness the slaughtered millions, who  
For Jesus sake, the flames went through.

- 2 Built on his Godhead and his blood,  
She stands, and hath for ever stood,  
Nor hell, nor sin, so firm the base,  
Shall e'er the christian's hopes erase.
- 3 When on the cross he bow'd his head,  
He Zion's debt of suff'ring paid,  
And on this rock, for ever blest,  
Shall mercy's glorious fabric rest.

KENT

## 161.

*The Cleft of the Rock.*

"I will put thee in a cleft of the rock."—  
Exod. 33. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT Rock for weary sinners made,  
When storms of sin distress the soul,  
Here will I rest my weary head,  
When lightnings blaze and thunders roll.
- 2 Within the cleft of his dear side,  
There all his saints in safety dwell,  
For who from Jesus shall divide?  
Not all the rage of earth and hell.
- 3 O sacred covert from the beams  
That on the weary traveller beat,  
How welcome are thy shades and streams,  
How blest, how sacred, and how sweet.

DOBELL'S COLL.

## 162.

*The Security of the Rock.*

"It fell not, for it was founded upon a rock."—  
Matt. 7. (L. M.)

- 1 THE tower that rises o'er the sea,  
And braves the winter's dreadful shock,  
When floods and rains and winds increase,  
Stands fast, built firmly on a rock.



- 2 Thus may my soul on Jesus rest,  
 While at his gates I humbly knock,  
 And when with 'whelming seas opprest  
 Stand fast, built firmly on a rock.
- 3 Come, sinners, flee to Jesus arms,  
 Like "Doves who to their windows flock,"  
 When death and hell the world alarms,  
 Stand fast, built firmly on a rock.
- 4 Then while the harden'd sinner's drown'd,  
 And heaven his cries and woes shall mock,  
 Thy soul with glory shall be crown'd,  
 For ever built on Christ thy rock.

## 163.

*Streams from the Rock.*

"That rock was Christ."—1 Cor. 8. (C. M.)

- 1 THEY thirst, and waters from the rock  
 In rich abundance flow,  
 And following still the course they took,  
 Ran all the desert thro'.
- 2 O wond'rous stream—O blessed type,  
 Of overflowing grace,  
 So Christ our Rock maintains our life,  
 Thro' all this wilderness.

WATTS.

## 164.

*Safety in the Rock.*

"O my dove that art in the clefts of the rock."—  
 Cant. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 BY faith we find the place above,  
 The rock that's rent in twain,  
 Beneath the shade of dying love,  
 And in the clefts remain.

- 2 Jesus, to thy dear wounds we flee,  
 We sink into thy side,  
 Assured that all who trust in thee,  
 Shall evermore abide.
- 3 Then let the thund'ring trumpet sound,  
 The latest lightnings glare,  
 The mountains melt, the solid ground,  
 Dissolve as liquid air.
- 4 Yet still the Lord the Saviour reigns,  
 When nature is destroyed,  
 And no created thing remains  
 Throughout the flaming void.
- 5 Firm in the all-destroying shock,  
 May view the final scene,  
 For lo, the everlasting rock,  
 Is cleft to take us in.

WESLEY.

## 165.

*The Superior Rock.*

“ For their rock is not as our rock.”—  
 Dent. 33. (L. M.)

- 1 THE types, my soul, were all too faint,  
 His sorrows or his worth to paint ;  
 Slight was the stroke of Moses rod,  
 But he endur'd the wrath of God.
- 2 Their outward rock could feel no pain,  
 But ours was wounded, bruised, and slain ;  
 That rock gave but a watery flood,  
 But Jesus poured forth streams of blood.
- 3 Then let the Saviour's name resound,  
 In him refreshing streams are found,  
 Which pardon, strength, and comfort give,  
 And thirsty sinners drink and live.

NEWTON.

## 166.

*The Exalted Rock.*

“When my heart is o’erwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I.”—Psa. 61. (P. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** God from my soul shall his presence remove,  
To try by his absence the strength of my love,  
I’ll rest on the promise of Jesus and try  
The force of that rock, which is higher than I.
- 2 When sorely afflicted, and ready to faint,  
Before my Redeemer I’ll spread my complaint,  
’Mid storms and distresses my soul shall rely  
On Jesus, the rock that is higher than I.
- 3 When judgements, O Lord, are abroad in the land,  
And merited vengeance descends from thy hand  
O’erwhelmed with the sight, for protection I fly,  
And hide in the rock that is higher than I.

BENNET.

## 167.

*Christ a Covert.*

‘A covert from the tempest.’—Isa. 32. (C. M.)

- 1 **WHEN** tempests howl, and billows rise,  
And ships on rocks are cast,  
To Christ the trembling Sailor flies,  
A covert from the blast.
- 2 When Death’s ten thousand doors appear,  
And waves engulf the mast,  
To Christ alone can Sailors steer,  
A covert from the blast.
- 3 The wrath of earth and hell he bore,  
’Till ev’ry storm had past,  
Behold he lives to die no more  
A covert from the blast.

- 4 In him let every soul be found,  
 When judgment comes at last,  
 And be his head with glory crown'd,  
 Our covert from the blast.

## 168.

*Christ a Refuge.*

"A refuge from the storm."—Isa. 25. (P. M.)

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the raging billows roll,  
 While the tempest still is high;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past,  
 Safe into the haven guide,  
 O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee,  
 Leave, ah leave me not alone,  
 Still support and comfort me;  
 All my *trust* in thee is stay'd.  
 All my *help* from thee I bring,  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

CONYER'S COLLECTION.

## 169.

*The Divine Shelter.*

"What must I do to be saved? believe in the  
 Lord Jesus Christ."—Acts 16. (C. M.)

- 1 IS there no shelter from the wrath,  
 Of an offended God?  
 Jesus, to thy dear Cross I fly,  
 Thy guilt atoning blood.

- 2 I bless that stream that cries for peace,  
 From every bleeding vein,  
 Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,  
 If Sin the tyrant reign.
- 3 Lord, crush his empire—bid his throne  
 From its foundation fall,  
 Ye flattering plagues, that wrought my death,  
 Fly, for I hate you all.
- 4 Now to the Lamb, whose power and grace,  
 Lift our bright hopes to heaven,  
 In songs above, and songs below,  
 Be endless glory given.

WATTS, ALTERED.

## 170.

### *Solid Confidence in Christ.*

"In nothing terrified by your adversaries."—  
 Phil. 1. (P. M.)

- 1 THE powers of earth, and of hell,  
 Whene'er they against me arise,  
 To Jesus my sorrows I tell,  
 My soul to its hiding place flies.  
 His favors he loves to dispense,  
 From him all my comforts proceed,  
 I make him my rock of defence,  
 My refuge in seasons of need.
- 2 In darkness, and deepest distress,  
 When night's sable mantle is spread,  
 And winds and the waves never cease,  
 And billows roll over my head ;  
 Then let the storm furiously roar,  
 The noise of the water spouts roll,  
 I quickl'y shall gain the blest shore,  
 The haven of rest to my soul.

BEDDOME

## 171.

*Safe Retreat.*

“Who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us.”—Heb. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, to thee, my sure defence,  
My help for ever nigh,  
From the rough blast and rushing storm,  
For shelter I apply.
- 2 Thou art my only hiding place,  
Thou my secure abode,  
When vengeance, like a whirlwind, flies,  
And rages all abroad.
- 3 As rocks, to guard from burning skies,  
Their ample shades extend,  
Do thou from flames of wrath divine,  
My guilty soul defend,

GIBBONS.

## 172.

*Shadow of the Rock.*

“As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”—  
Isa. 32. (P. M.)

- 1 TO the haven of thy breast,  
O Son of Man, I fly,  
Be my refuge and my rest,  
For O the storm is high.  
Save me from the furious blast,  
A covert from the tempest be,  
Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast,  
The storm of Sin I see.
- 2 Welcome as the water spring,  
To a dry and barren place,  
O descend on me and bring  
Thy sweet refreshing grace.

O'er a parch'd and weary land,  
 As a great rock extends its shade,  
 Hide me, Saviour, with thy hand,  
 And screen my naked head

WESLEY.

173:

*Christ a Hiding Place.*

"A man shall be as an hiding place."  
 Isa. 32. (L. M.)

- 1 AGAINST the God that rules the sky,  
 I fought with hands uplifted high,  
 Despis'd the motion of his grace,  
 Too proud to seek an hiding place.
- 2 Enwrapped in thick Egyptian night,  
 And fond of darkness more than light,  
 Madly I ran the sinful race,  
 Too proud to seek an hiding place.
- 3 Ere long an heavenly voice I heard,  
 And mercy's angel form appear'd ;  
 She led me on with steady pace,  
 To Jesus, as my hiding place.
- 4 Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,  
 And shake the globe from pole to pole,  
 No flaming bolt could daunt my face,  
 For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 5 A few more rolling suns at most,  
 Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,  
 Where I shall sing the songs of grace,  
 And see my glorious hiding place.

BREWER



## 174.

*The trembling Sinner.*

“And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do.”—Acts 9. (C. M.)

- 1 CLOUDS big with wrath hang o'er my head,  
And awful thunders roll,  
Terrific scenes before me spread,  
And fill my guilty soul.
- 2 Jesus, the sinner's only hope,  
Thy saving power display,  
Oh bear my sinking spirits up,  
And take my sins away.
- 3 Helpless, forlorn, and in distress,  
I heave the pensive sigh,  
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,  
While danger is so nigh.
- 4 O tell me thou my soul hast bought,  
With blood so rich and free,  
This will relieve each anxious thought,  
And bind my heart to thee.

BEDDOME

## 175.

*Sovereign Mercy.*

“According to his mercy he saved us.”—Tit. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 TH' Almighty spoke, the tempest burst,  
Isr'el with fiery billows tost,  
Sunk trembling 'neath the storm accurst,  
And cried we're lost, for ever lost.
- 2 “A remnant,” 'twas the Sovereign will,  
“A remnant” sought Messiah's face;  
The Saviour heard, He cried, “be still,”  
And quench'd the flames with showers of grace.



THE  
SAILORS'  
HYMN BOOK,

BEING

A SELECTION

OF THE

BEAUTIES OF SACRED VERSE,

*BY THE MOST EMINENT DIVINES,*

AND OF

*Original Compositions,*

ADAPTED TO

THE MARITIME WORLD.

---

“ Sing unto the LORD a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth, ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein, the Isles, and the inhabitants thereof. Let them give glory unto the LORD, and declare his praise in the Islands.—Isa. ch. 42. v. 10 and 12.

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BY THE REV. G. C. SMITH.

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# INDEX.

---

	Page.
Ah! but for free and sovereign grace . . . . .	186
All my disease, my ev'ry sin . . . . .	131
Amid a thousand snares I stand . . . . .	189
And will the Lord thus condescend . . . . .	147
Around the fainting crowds attend . . . . .	134
Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds . . . . .	113
As Myrrh new bleeding from the tree . . . . .	117
Awake, and sing the song . . . . .	153
Awake my heart, arise my tongue . . . . .	165
Author of faith, to thee I cry . . . . .	191
Behold the living bread . . . . .	126
Behold the Hebrew Prophet raise . . . . .	134
Behold the Saviour at thy door . . . . .	149
Begone, unworthy of my cares . . . . .	158
Blest be the Lord that gives his flesh . . . . .	127
Blood has a voice to pierce the skies . . . . .	178
Captain of thine enlisted host . . . . .	116
Come Lord, from above, the mountains remove . . . . .	186
Come then, and claim me for thine own . . . . .	121
Come, and he'll cease our spotted souls . . . . .	141
Come, Lord, and to my soul reveal . . . . .	172
Complete Atonement thou hast made . . . . .	170
Cheerful we tread the desert thro' . . . . .	193
Christ is the glorious gift of God . . . . .	150
Christ's name, as precious Ointment shed . . . . .	173
Dear Lord, what healing to the heart . . . . .	128
Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand . . . . .	130
Encompassed with clouds of distress . . . . .	194
Embark'd upon a stormy sea . . . . .	196
Extol his Kingly power . . . . .	162
Faith, mighty faith, the promise secs . . . . .	197

	Page.
Faith, 'tis a precious grace . . . . .	191
Faith is the brightest evidence . . . . .	192
Far, far beyond these lower skies . . . . .	124
From thy dear pierced side . . . . .	142
From pole to pole let others roam . . . . .	158
Go up with Christ your head . . . . .	112
Go make thy station his dear cross . . . . .	146
God from his radiant throne on high . . . . .	150
Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme . . . . .	190
Grace! 'tis a charming sound . . . . .	185
Grace, how exceeding sweet to those . . . . .	187
Great God, 'tis from thy sovereign grace . . . . .	188
Great Prophet of our God . . . . .	159
Great Prophet, let me bless thy name . . . . .	160
Hail, blest Union! seamen hail . . . . .	115
Hail, everlasting spring . . . . .	139
Have I that faith whose influence . . . . .	193
He that distributes crowns and thrones . . . . .	121
He now stands knocking at the door . . . . .	148
He left his Father's throne above, . . . . .	189
Here, as in a lion's den . . . . .	174
His only righteousness I show . . . . .	156
Hosanna to our conquering King . . . . .	119
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds . . . . .	176
Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise . . . . .	201
If lifted up on high I be . . . . .	115
In the strength of God I rise . . . . .	122
I Know thee Saviour, who thou art . . . . .	143
Infinite excellence is thine; . . . . .	180
In life's fair book the Patriarchs live . . . . .	197
It is no stranger's voice I hear . . . . .	148
Jesus, to purge away our guilt . . . . .	110
Jesus, my King, to thee I bow . . . . .	111
Jesus the conqueror reigns . . . . .	120
Jesus, the God that fought and bled . . . . .	124
Jesus, the Saviour, balmy name . . . . .	138
Jesus, with all thy saints above . . . . .	154
Jesus, all-atoning Lamb . . . . .	154
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness . . . . .	167
Jesus, to multitudes unknown . . . . .	171

# INDEX.

v.

	Page.
Jesus, I bless thy gracious power . . . . .	173
Jesus, I love thy charming name . . . . .	173
Jesus, in thy transporting name . . . . .	174
Jesus, thy face I long to see . . . . .	183
Justice provok'd, for vengeance calls . . . . .	167
Launch'd on a sea where troubled waves . . . . .	204
Let the vain world pronounce it shame . . . . .	176
Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye . . . . .	162
Lo, Christ by his own powerful blood . . . . .	163
Lo, the eternal word . . . . .	170
Lo, to the hills I lift mine eyes . . . . .	175
Lord, what a heaven of saving grace . . . . .	177
Millions of years, my wond'ring eyes . . . . .	184
My Captain sounds the alarm of war . . . . .	111
My dear Almighty Lord . . . . .	122
My dying Saviour, and my God . . . . .	141
My God, my God, to thee I cry . . . . .	178
Not all the blood of beasts . . . . .	155
Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus . . . . .	169
Now let us record the conquering name . . . . .	112
Now Moses feels for Israel's griefs . . . . .	133
Now the good will of heaven is shewn . . . . .	161
Now to the Lord a noble song . . . . .	175
Now for the love I bear his name . . . . .	164
Often, my gracious Friend, I grieve . . . . .	146
O Jesus, in pity draw near . . . . .	136
O Jesus, my hope, for me offer'd up . . . . .	163
O let the dead now hear thy voice . . . . .	166
On life's wide ocean rudely tost . . . . .	198
O thou, whom once they flock'd to hear . . . . .	129
O the transcendant love . . . . .	143
O thou of little faith . . . . .	198
Our sins and griefs on Christ were laid . . . . .	153
O! unexhausted grace . . . . .	201
Our journey is a thorny maze . . . . .	125
Plenteous grace with thee is found . . . . .	140
Poor, weak, and worthless tho' I am . . . . .	145
Pris'ners of hope, why will ye die . . . . .	156
Prophet, to me reveal . . . . .	160

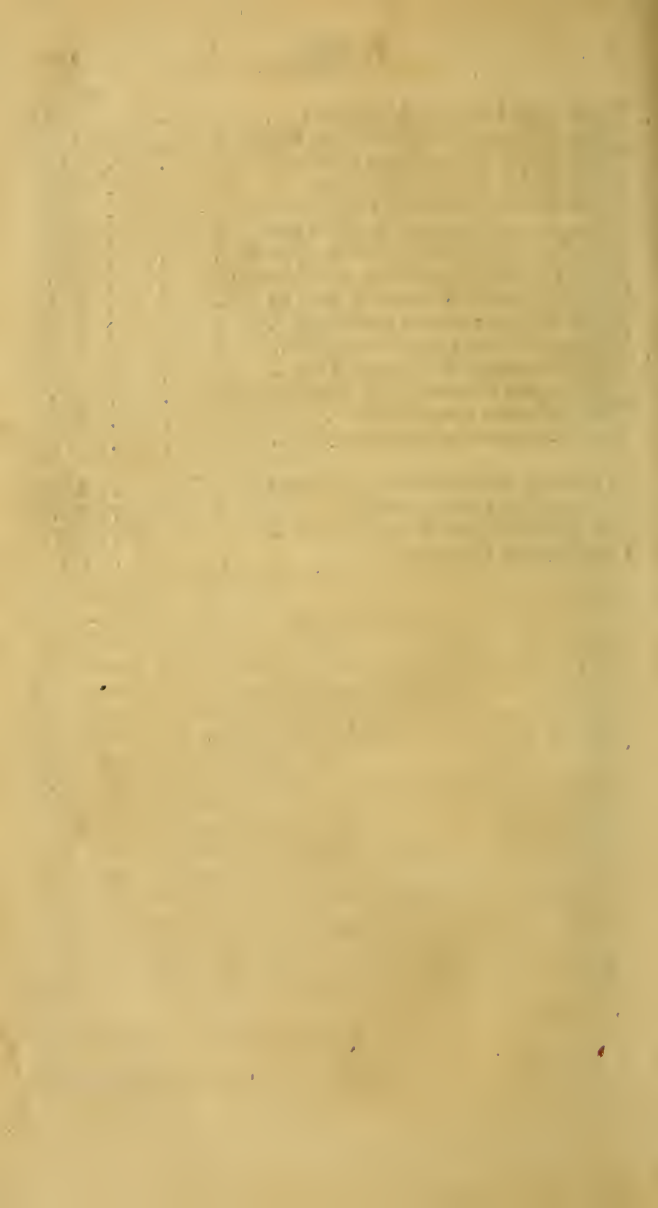
	Page.
Raise, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight . . . . .	125
Rejoicing now in earnest hope . . . . .	203
Rise my soul ! adore and wonder . . . . .	188
Sailors, to Jesus now draw near . . . . .	151
Sailors redeemed from endless woe . . . . .	161
Salvation, O the joyful sound . . . . .	138
Saviour of all, to thee we bow . . . . .	149
Saviour divine, we read thy fame . . . . .	131
Saviour divine ! we know thy name . . . . .	166
See on the mountain top . . . . .	114
See here an endless ocean flows . . . . .	189
Shall I behold my King the Lamb . . . . .	184
Sing the dear Saviour's glorious fame . . . . .	126
Sin, like a venomous disease . . . . .	130
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears . . . . .	113
Surprising grace, and such were we . . . . .	179
Survey the beauties of his face . . . . .	181
Ten thousand wants have I . . . . .	187
That bloody banner see . . . . .	116
The wondering world enquires to know . . . . .	181
The whole Creation can afford . . . . .	182
The fairest of ten thousand fairs . . . . .	183
The wounded conscience knows its power . . . . .	195
The pains that wait my fleeting breath . . . . .	202
The oath and promise of the Lord . . . . .	203
There is a great Physician near . . . . .	129
There is a fountain filled with blood . . . . .	140
This is the way I long have sought . . . . .	157
Think, O my soul, devoutly think . . . . .	109
Thou Lamb of God, thou prince of peace . . . . .	155
Thou very Paschal Lamb . . . . .	151
Thy blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt . . . . .	179
'Tis grace that sweetens every cross . . . . .	190
To Christ, the bread of life, I fly . . . . .	127
To the dear Fountain of thy blood . . . . .	142
To Heaven I'm bound with prosp'rous gales . . . . .	199
Up to the fields where Angels lie . . . . .	180
Viewing Christ as newly slain . . . . .	137

# INDEX.

vii.

	Page.
We see the blood of Jesus shed . . . . .	169
What, though a thousand hosts engage . . . . .	177
What mighty Hero comes from far . . . . .	118
What shall I do my suit to gain . . . . .	164
When poison spreading thro' the veins . . . . .	133
When on the Cross my Saviour died . . . . .	139
When most we need his helping hand . . . . .	144
When passing through the wat'ry deep . . . . .	195
Which, of all our friends, to save us . . . . .	145
While the angel-choirs are crying [ . . . . .	152
Who is this that comes from Edom] . . . . .	119
Why thus array'd, almighty God . . . . .	123
Why droops my soul, with guilt opprest] . . . . .	135
Why do I thus complain . . . . .	200
Would Jesus have the sinner die? . . . . .	171
Ye sin sick souls, dismiss your fears . . . . .	132
Ye mourning saints, behold . . . . .	168
Yes, there is, there is, my God . . . . .	136
Yon despised Nazarene . . . . .	117







- 3 Amid the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hope on thee,  
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,  
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Dangers of every shape and name,  
Attend the followers of the Lamb,  
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,  
And leave it to return no more.
- 5 Tho' tempest toss'd, and half a wreck,  
My Saviour thro' the floods I seek,  
Let neither winds nor stormy rain  
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

COWPER.

## 179

*Gratitude for the Pilot's Skill.*

"Ebenezer."—1 Sam. 7. (C. M.)

- 1 THINK, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes  
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,  
In all its horrors rise.
- 2 Confusion dwelt in every face,  
And fear in every heart,  
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,  
O'ercame the Pilot's art.
- 3 Jesus, in all these griefs appear'd  
My Pilot, set me free,  
When in the confidence of prayer,  
My soul took hold on thee.
- 4 For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

- 5 The storm was laid, the winds retired,  
 Obedient to thy will ;  
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.
- 6 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore,  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

ADDISON.

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 CHRIST A CAPTAIN.
 

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180.

*A Noble Commander.*

“ A leader and commander to the people.”—  
 Isa. 55. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, to purge away our guilt,  
 A willing victim fell,  
 And on his cross triumphant broke  
 The bands of death and hell.
- 2 Our foes were mighty to destroy,  
 He mighty was to save,  
 He died, but could not long be held  
 A pris'ner in the grave.
- 3 Jesus, who mighty art to save,  
 Still push thy conquests<sup>on</sup>,  
 Extend the triumphs of the cross,  
 Where'er the sun has shone.
- 4 O Captain of Salvation, make  
 Thy power and mercy known,  
 Till crowds of willing converts come,  
 And worship at thy throne.

STENNETT

## 181.

*Looking to Jesus.*

“ Lord, to whom should we go.”—Jno. 6. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, my King, to thee I bow,  
Enlisted under thy command,  
Captain of my salvation, thou  
Shalt lead me to the promis'd land.
- 2 Lo! the tall sons of Anak rise,  
Who can the Sons of Anak meet,  
Captain! to thee I lift mine eyes,  
And lo, they fall beneath my feet.
- 3 My Lord, in my behalf appears,  
Captain, thy strength inspiring eye,  
Scatters my doubts, dispels my fears,  
And makes the hosts of aliens fly.
- 4 Who can before my Captain stand,  
Who is so great a King as mine,  
High over all is thy right hand,  
And might and majesty are thine.

WESLEY.

## 182.

*To Arms!*

“ Whom resist stedfast in the faith.”—  
1 Pet. 5. (L. M.)

- 1 MY Captain sounds the alarm of war,  
Awake! the powers of hell are near,  
“ To arms! to arms!” I hear him cry,  
’Tis yours to conquer, or to die!
- 2 Rous’d by the animating sound,  
I cast my eager eyes around,  
Make haste to gird my armour on,  
And bid each trembling fear be gone,

- 3 Thus arm'd, I venture on the fight,  
 Resolv'd to put my foes to flight,  
 While Jesus kindly deigns to spread,  
 His conquering banner o'er my head.
- 4 In him I hope, in him I trust,  
 His bleeding Cross is all my boast ;  
 Thro' troops of foes he'll lead me on,  
 To vict'ry and the victor's crown.

STENNETT.

## 183.

*The Church Militant.*

"Follow me."—Matt. 4. (P. M.)

- 1 NOW let us record the conquering name,  
 Our Captain, and Lord, with shoutings proclaim,  
 Who trust in his passion, and follow their head,  
 To certain salvation shall surely be led.
- 2 O Jesus, lead on thy militant care,  
 And give us the crown of righteousness there,  
 Where dazzled with glory, the seraphim gaze,  
 Or prostrate adore thee in silence of praise.
- 3 Within us display thy love when we die,  
 And bear us away to mansions on high,  
 The kingdom be given of glory divine,  
 And crown us in heaven eternally thine.

RIPPON'S COLLECTION.

## 184.

*The Orders.*"Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth."—  
 1 Sam. 3. (P. M.)

- 1 GO up with Christ your head,  
 Your Captain's footsteps see ;  
 Follow your Captain, and be led  
 To certain victory.

All power to him is given,  
 He ever reigns the same,  
 Salvation, happiness and heaven,  
 Are all in Jesus' name.

- 2 Our Captain leads us on,  
 He beckons from the skies,  
 And reaches out a starry crown,  
 And bids us take the prize.  
 Be faithful unto death,  
 Partake my victory,  
 And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,  
 And thou shalt reign with me.

WESLEY.

## 185.

### *Ambition to Conquer.*

“ This is the victory, even our faith.”—  
 1 Jno. 5. (L. M.)

- 1 ASPIRE, my soul, to glorious deeds,  
 The Captain of Salvation leads,  
 March on, nor fear to win the day,  
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
- 2 Should death and hell, and powers unknown,  
 Put all their forms of mischief on,  
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
 Salvation in more sovereign ways.

WATTS.

## 186.

### *Soldier's Duty and Promotion.*

“ Receiving the end of your faith, the salvation of  
 your souls.”—1 Pet. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
 And gird the gospel armour on,  
 March to the gates of endless joy,  
 Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquished foes,  
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heavenly gate,  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in Almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies,  
Join in my glorious leader's praise.

WATTS.

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## CHRIST A SIGNAL.

---

187.

*The Standard.*

“Behold I will set up my standard to the people.”—  
Isa. 49. (P. M.)

- 1 SEE on the mountain top,  
The standard of your God!  
In Jesus' name I lift it up,  
All stain'd with hallow'd blood.  
His standard bearer, I,  
The nations now invite,  
Let all to Jesu's Cross draw nigh,  
And with his church unite.
- 2 Jesu's tremendous name  
Puts all our foes to flight,  
Jesus, the meek, the angry Lamb,  
A lion is in fight.

By all hell's host withstood,  
 We all hell's host o'erthrow,  
 And conquering them thro' Jesu's blood,  
 We on to conquer go.

WESLEY.

## 188.

### *The Bethel Union.*

"The Lord shall lift up a standard."—  
 Isa. 59. (P. M.)

- 1 HAIL, blest Union! Seamen, hail!  
 Under Calv'ry's STANDARD sail,  
 Sweetly press all hands at sea,  
 May they all embark with thee;  
 Christ and his redeem'd are one,  
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come.
- 2 "What! may such a wretch as I,  
 Tempest-toss'd, afraid to die,  
 Join with you, and sail to heaven?"  
 "Brother come, thy sin's forgiven;  
 On the Cross the work was done,  
 Come and welcome, Sailor, come."

## 189.

### *The Banner's Attractive Power.*

"To it shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall  
 be glorious."— Isa. 11. (L. M.)

- 1 IF lifted up on high I be,  
 In me, said Christ, shall all men see  
 The great fulfilment of the law,  
 And to my cross all men I'll draw.
- 2 On Judah's height, and Canaan's shore,  
 And where the gospel trumpets blow,  
 Or when the Bethel flag was rear'd,  
 Then Christ on high to men appear'd.



- 3 And has not Jesu's cords of love,  
 Oft sweetly rais'd our souls above?  
 And does he not, e'en now, inspire  
 The Sailor's heart with heavenly fire?
- 4 Then raise on high your banners still,  
 Let Bethel waive on ev'ry hill,  
 Till Christ shall reign from sea to sea,  
 And Angels shout the Jubilee.

## 190.

*The Banner Elevated.*

"Lift ye up a *banner* upon the high mountain."—  
 Isa. 13. (P. M.)

- 1 THAT bloody *banner* see,  
 And in your *Captain's* sight,  
 Fight the good fight of faith with me,  
 My fellow Soldiers, fight;  
 In mighty phalanx join'd,  
 To battle all proceed,  
 Arm'd with th' unconquerable mind,  
 Which was in Christ your head.
- 2 Urge on your rapid course,  
 Ye blood be-sprinkled bands,  
 The heavenly kingdom suffers force,  
 'Tis seiz'd by violent hands:  
 See there the starry crown,  
 That glitters thro' the skies,  
 Satan, the world, and sin, tread down,  
 And take the glorious prize.

WESLEY.

## 191.

*The Banner Displayed.*

"Thou hast given a *Banner* that it may be  
 displayed." Psa. 60. (L. M.)

- 1 CAPTAIN of thine enlisted host,  
 Display thy glorious banner high,  
 The summons send from coast to coast,  
 And call a num'rous army nigh.



- 2 A solemn Jubilee proclaim,  
Proclaim the great Sabbatic day,  
Assert the glories of thy name,  
Spoil Satan of his wish'd for prey.
- 3 Bid, bid thy herald's publish loud,  
The peaceful blessings of thy reign,  
And when they speak of sprinkling blood,  
The mystery to the heart explain.
- 4 Fight for thyself, O Jesus, fight,  
The travail of thy soul regain,  
Before the blind make darkness light,  
And crooked paths do thou make plain.

LADY H'S COLLECTION.

## 192.

*The Banner Admired.*

"His banner over me was love."—Cant. 2.

- 1 AS Myrrh new bleeding from the tree,  
Such is a dying Christ to me,  
And while he makes my soul his guest,  
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.
- 2 Kindly he brought me to the place,  
Where stands the banquet of his grace,  
He saw me faint, and o'er my head,  
The *Banner* of his love he spread.

WATTS.

## 193.

*The Ensign.*"As an *Ensign* on an hill."—Isa. 30. (P. M.)

- 1 YON despised Nazarene,  
Chiefest in my soul's esteem,  
Mark'd with scourges, nails, and spear,  
Hangs an ENSIGN in the air!

- 2 Fasten'd to th' accursed tree,  
Crimson'd o'er with blood for me,  
Had I Gabriel's heavenly tongue,  
Christ should be th' eternal song.
- 3 Sacred signal!—from the skies,  
Fill'd with love the Saviour dies,  
Floats an *Ensign* on the breeze,  
Soars triumphant o'er the seas.
- 4 Lo, I see an ENSIGN fly,  
Above the globe and thro' the sky,  
The world adores the gracious sign,  
Behold the nations, Lord, are thine!

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## CHRIST A CONQUEROR.

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194.

### *The Victorious Hero.*

“ Angels and authorities, and powers being made subject unto him.”—1 Pet. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 WHAT mighty Hero comes from far,  
Laden with all the spoils of war,  
In state he travels o'er the plains,  
And hostile blood his vesture stains.
- 2 How full of majesty his face,  
Adorn'd with each attractive grace,  
His purple robes, his victories shew,  
Who is this Mighty Conqu'ror, who!
- 3 'Tis I, Immanuel is my name,  
Let Edom's land my power proclaim,  
There slaughter'd foes o'erspread the fields,  
And every place a triumph yields.

BEDDOME.

## 195.

*The General fresh from Battle.*

“The Lord of hosts, he is the king of glory.”—  
Psa. 24. (P. M.)

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom?

All his raiment stain'd with blood,  
To the slave proclaiming freedom,  
Bringing and bestowing good.  
Glorious in the garb he wears,  
Glorious in the spoils he bears.

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Travelling onward in his might,

'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious  
To his people is the sight!

Jesus now is strong to save,  
Mighty to redeem the slave.

3 Mighty victor, reign for ever,

Wear the crown so dearly won!  
Never shall thy people, never,  
Cease to sing what thou hast done.  
Thou hast fought thy people's foes,  
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes.

WESTLAKE'S COLLECTION.

## 196:

*Victorious over Satan.*

“I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.”—  
Luke 10. (C. M.)

1 HOSANNA to our conquering King,

The prince of darkness flies,  
His troops rush headlong down to hell,  
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There bound in chains the lions roar,

And fright the rescued sheep,  
But heavy bars confine their power  
And malice to the deep.

- 3 Hosanna to our conquering King,  
 All hail ! incarnate love,  
 Ten thousand songs, and glories wait  
 To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy victories, and thy deathless fame,  
 Thro' the wide world shall run,  
 And everlasting ages sing  
 The triumphs thou hast won.

WATTS.

## 197.

*Victorious over the World.*

“ Be of good cheer, I have overcome the  
 world.”—Jno. 16. (P. M.)

- 1 JESUS, the conqueror reigns,  
 In glorious strength array'd,  
 His kingdom over all maintains,  
 And bids the earth be glad.  
 Through much distress and pain,  
 Through many a conflict here,  
 Thro' blood ye must the entrance gain,  
 Yet O disdain to fear.
- 2 The world cannot withstand  
 Its ancient conqueror,  
 The world must sink beneath the hand  
 Which arms us for the war :  
 This is the victory !  
 Before our faith they fall,  
 Jesus hath died for you and me,  
 Believe, and conquer all.

WESLEY.

## 198.

*Victorious over Sin and Death.*

“ He died unto Sin once, but he liveth unto God.”—Rom. 6. (L. M.)

- 1 HE that distributes crowns and thrones,  
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans,  
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,  
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 2 But see the wonders of his power,  
He triumphs in his dying hour,  
And while by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 3 Thus were the hopes of death subdued,  
And Sin was drown'd in Jesus blood,  
Then he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love.

WATTS'S MISCELLANY.

## 199.

*Victorious over Man.*

“ Grace reigns unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.”—Rom. 4. (C. M.)

- 1 COME then, and claim me for thine own,  
Saviour, thy right assert,  
Come, gracious Lord, set up thy throne,  
And reign within my heart.
- 2 Thy love the conquest more than gains,  
To all I shall proclaim,  
Jesus the King, the conqueror reigns,  
Bow down to Jesu's name.
- 3 To thee shall earth and hell submit,  
And every foe shall fall,  
'Till death expire beneath thy feet,  
And God is all in all.

WESLEY.

## 200.

*Certain Victory of Believers.*

“Because I live, ye shall live also.”—  
Jno. 14. (P. M.)

- 1 MY dear Almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing,  
Thine is the power, behold I sit  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.
- 2 Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down,  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown.  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.
- 3 Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on.  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior power, and guardian grace.

WATTS.

## 201.

*Signal Defeat of the Enemy.*

“The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your  
feet shortly.”—Rom. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 IN the strength of God I rise,  
I run to meet my foe,  
Faith the word of power applies,  
And lays the giant low ;  
Faith in Jesu's conquering name,  
Slings the sin-destroying stone,  
Points the words, unerring aim,  
And brings the monster down.

- 2 Rise, ye men of Israel, rise,  
 Your routed foe pursue,  
 Shout his praises to the skies,  
 Who conquers sin for you ;  
 Israel's God, let all below,  
 Conqueror over sin proclaim,  
 O that all the earth might know  
 The power of Jesu's name.

WESLEY.

## 202.

*Victorious by His own Arm.*

“ There was none to help, mine own arm brought  
 salvation.”—Isa. 63. (C. M.)

- 1 WHY thus array'd, almighty God,  
 In vests of purple glow,  
 With garments dy'd in streams of blood,  
 That from the wine press flow ?
- 2 The wine press I myself have trod,  
 And with me there was none,  
 Your strength and your salvation stood  
 Complete in me alone.
- 3 When not an Angels strength could bear  
 The vengeance of a God,  
 Then did the son of man appear  
 In garments roll'd in blood.
- 4 Alone he stood, alone he fell,  
 Alone the conqueror rose,  
 Alone he burst the bars of hell,  
 And trampled on his foes.

DODDRIDGE.



203.

*The Triumphal Feast.*

“In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast.”—Isa. 25. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, the God that fought and bled,  
And conquered when he fell,  
That rose, and at his chariot wheels  
Dragg'd all the powers of hell.
- 2 Jesus, the God, invites us here,  
To this triumphal feast,  
And brings immortal blessings down  
For each redeemed guest.
- 3 Victorious God, what can we pay,  
For favors so divine,  
We would devote our hearts away,  
To be for ever thine.

WATTS.

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CHRIST THE FORERUNNER.

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204.

*Appearance in Heaven.*

“Whither the forerunner is for us entered.”—  
Heb. 6. (L. M.)

- 1 FAR, far beyond these lower skies,  
Up to the glories all his own,  
Where we by faith lift up our eyes,  
There Jesus our *forerunner's* gone.
- 2 Before his heavenly Father's face,  
For every saint he intercedes,  
And with infallible success,  
There Jesus, our *Forerunner* pleads.

MEDLEY.



## 205.

*Faith Strengthened.*

“Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty.”—  
Isa. 33. (L. M.)

- 1 RAISE, raise, my soul, thy raptur'd sight,  
With sacred wonder and delight,  
Jesus, thy own *Forerunner*, see,  
Enter'd beyond the veil for thee.
- 2 Loud let the howling tempest yell,  
And foaming waves to mountains swell,  
No shipwreck can my vessel fear,  
Since hope hath fix'd her anchor there.

DODDRIDGE.

## 206.

*Painful Marching Encouraged.*

“Faint, yet pursuing.”—Judges, 8. (G. M.)

- 1 OUR journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upward still,  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at Zion's hill.
- 2 See the kind angels at the gates,  
Inviting us to come,  
There Jesus the *Forerunner* waits,  
To welcome travellers home.
- 3 There on a green and flow'ry mount,  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys recount.  
The labours of our feet.

WATTS.

## CHRIST THE BREAKER.

207.

*Irresistible Majesty.*

“The breaker is come up before them.”—  
Micah 2. (L. M.)

- 1 SING the dear Saviour's glorious fame,  
Who bears the *Breaker's* wond'rous name;  
Sweet name! and it becomes him well,  
Who breaks down sin, guilt, death and hell.
- 2 A mighty *breaker* sure is he,  
He broke my chains and set me free;  
A gracious Breaker to my soul,  
He breaks, and O he makes me whole.
- 3 He breaks through ev'ry gloomy cloud,  
Which can my soul with darkness shroud,  
He breaks the bars of every snare,  
Which hellish foes for me prepare.

MEDLEY.

## CHRIST THE BREAD.

208.

*Sacred Food.*

“Lord, evermore, give us this bread.”—  
Jno. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the living bread,  
Which Jesus came to give,  
By dying in the sinners stead,  
That they might ever live.

- 2 Behold the Saviour's love,  
 Who gives his flesh to eat,  
 Never did Angels taste above,  
 Provision half so sweet.
- 3 The Lord delights to give,  
 He knows you've nought to buy,  
 To Jesus haste—this bread receive,  
 And you shall never die.

HOSKINS.

## 209.

*Permanent Supply.*

“He that cometh to me, shall never hunger.”—  
 Jno. 6. (C. M.)

- 1 BLEST be the Lord that gives his flesh  
 To nourish dying men,  
 And often spreads his table fresh,  
 Lest we should faint again.
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread,  
 But double blest was he,  
 That gently bow'd his loving head,  
 And lean'd, it Lord, on thee.
- 3 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath,  
 While Jesus finds supplies,  
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
 For Jesus never dies.

WATTS.

## 210.

*Zion's Poor Blessed.*

“Blessed be ye poor: for your's is the kingdom of  
 God.”—Luke 6. (L. M.)

- 1 TO Christ, the bread of life, I fly,  
 No other can my need supply,  
 But this will suit my wretched case,  
 Abroad, at home, in every place.

- 2 'Tis this relieves the hungry poor,  
 Who ask for bread, at Mercy's door;  
 This living food descends from heaven,  
 As Manna to the Jews was given.
- 3 This precious food my heart revives,  
 What strength, what nourishment it gives ;  
 O let me evermore be fed  
 With this divine celestial bread !

FAWCETT.

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 CHRIST A PHYSICIAN.
 

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## 211.

*Virtue in Christ.*

“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”—  
 Jno. 1. (P. M.)

- 1 DEAR Lord, what healing to the heart  
 Doth thy blood sprinkled Cross impart,  
 To those who seek a cure ;  
 Israel of old, and we no less,  
 The same indulgent grace confess,  
 While life and breath endure.
- 2 O may we view the matchless cross,  
 And other objects count but loss,  
 No other gain explore ;  
 Here still be fix'd our feasted eyes,  
 Teeming with tears of glad surprise,  
 And thankfully adore.
- 3 Hail great Immanuel, balmy name,  
 Thy praise, the ransom'd will proclaim,  
 Thee we *Physician* call ;  
 We own no other cure but thine,  
 Thou the deliverer divine,  
 Our health, our life, our all.

MADAN'S COLLECTION.

## 212.

*Relief Attainable.*

“ And as many as touched him were made whole.”—  
Mark 6. (L. M.)

- 1 THERE is a great *Physician* near,  
Look up, O fainting soul, and live,  
See in his heavenly smiles appear,  
Such ease as nature cannot give.
- 2 See in the Saviour's dying blood,  
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow,  
'Tis only this dear sacred flood,  
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.
- 3 Sin throws in vain its pointed dart,  
For here a sovereign cure is found,  
A cordial for the fainting heart,  
A balm for every painful wound.

STEELE.

## 213.

*Cure for Incurables.*

“ They that are whole need not a Physician, but  
they that are sick.”—Matt. 9. (C. M.)

- 1 O THOU whom once they flock'd to hear,  
Thy words to bless, thy pow'r to feel,  
Permit the guilty to draw near,  
And graciously receive us still.
- 2 They that be whole, thyself hast said,  
No need of a *Physician* have,  
But I am sick, and want thine aid,  
And wait thine utmost pow'r to save.
- 3 My sins, incurable disease,  
Thou, Jesus, thou alone can'st heal,  
Inspire me with thy power and peace,  
And pardon on my conscience seal.

- 4 Be it according to thy word,  
 Accomplish now thy work in me,  
 And let my soul, to health restor'd,  
 Devote its little *all* to thee.

WESLEY.

## 214.

*Deadly Power of Sin.*

“Dead in trespasses and sins.”—Ephe. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 SIN, like a venomous disease,  
 Infects our vital blood,  
 The only balm is sovereign grace,  
 And the *Physician* God.
- 2 Our beauty, and our strength are fled,  
 And we draw near to death,  
 But Christ the Lord recalls the dead,  
 With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness by nature reigns within,  
 The passions burn and rage,  
 Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
 The inward fire assuage.

WATTS.

## 215.

*Jesu's Power to Heal.*

“Wilt thou be made whole.”—Jno. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 DEAR Lord, we wait thy healing hand,  
 Diseases fly at thy command,  
 O let thy sovereign touch impart  
 Life, strength, and health to ev'ry heart.
- 2 That hand divine, which can assuage  
 The burning fever's restless rage,  
 That hand, Omnipotent and kind,  
 Can cool the fever of the mind

- 3 When freezing palsy chills the veins,  
 And pale cold death already reigns,  
 He speaks—the vital pow'rs revive,  
 He speaks—and dying sinners live!

STEELE.

## 216.

*The Sinners urgent Need.*

“If thou wilt thou canst make me clean.”—  
 Matt. 8. (C. M.)

- 1 ALL my disease, my ev'ry sin,  
 To thee, O Jesus, I confess,  
 In pardon, Lord, my cure begin,  
 And perfect it in holiness.
- 2 That token of thy utmost good,  
 Now, Saviour now, on me bestow,  
 And purge my conscience with thy blood,  
 And wash my nature white as snow.
- 3 Faith in thy changeless name I have,  
 The good, the kind *Physician*, thou  
 Art able now our souls to save,  
 Art willing to restore us now.
- 4 Make this the acceptable hour,  
 Come, O my soul's *Physician*, thou,  
 Display thy sanctifying power,  
 And shew me thy salvation now.

WESLEY.

## 217.

*Spiritual Miracles.*

“Be of good cheer, thy sins, which were many, are  
 all forgiven thee.”—Matt. 9. (C. M.)

- 1 SAVIOUR divine, we read thy fame,  
 Thy miracles of power and grace,  
 We bow and bless thy sacred name,  
 While thine amazing works we trace.



- 2 Jesus, our God, in mercy come,  
Repeat thy miracles of love,  
On sinners dead, and deaf, and dumb,  
And let them all thy goodness prove.
- 3 Unloose, dear Lord, each stammering tongue,  
And teach the dumb to speak and praise,  
Break sinful silence into song,  
That we may shout aloud thy grace.

DOBEL'S COLLECTION.

## 218.

### *The Sick Invited to Come.*

“Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden.”—Matt. 11. (C. M.)

- 1 YE sin sick souls, dismiss your fears,  
The halt, the lame, and blind,  
Come touch the garment Jesus wears,  
Your healing there you'll find.
- 2 Come, stretch the wither'd hand to day,  
For Christ is passing by;  
Your case admits of no delay,  
Unless ye touch, ye die.
- 3 One touch of this celestial robe,  
Speaks pardon to the soul,  
When *sins*, more pond'rous than the globe,  
Across the conscience roll.
- 4 Thro' every crowd to Jesus press,  
When sin torments the mind,  
Peace, pard'ning blood, and righteousness,  
In his dear name you'll find.

KENT.



## THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

219.

*The Judgment of Serpents.*

“The Lord sent fiery serpents among the people.”—  
Num. 21. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN poison spreading thro' the veins,  
Made Israel mourn their sin,  
Eternal mercy eas'd their pains,  
And heal'd the grief within.
- 2 A brazen serpent high was raised,  
Salvation to procure,  
The wounded look'd, the living prais'd,  
The dying found a cure.
- 3 Sinners who feel the deadly sting,  
And mourn their follies past,  
May now their sins and sorrows bring,  
And free salvation taste.
- 4 See Jesus crucified and slain,  
Behold him rais'd on high,  
One look will save from endless pain,  
Oh look, and never die!

BEDDOME.

220.

*The Remedy Provided.*

“The Lord said make a fiery serpent, and set it  
upon a pole.”—Num. 21. (C. M.)

- 1 NOW Moses feels for Israel's griefs,  
To God for them he prays,  
A brazen Serpent he's to make,  
And on a pole raise.

2 How strange the means ! but in his hand,  
 The remedy how sure,  
 Not one that view'd the healing brass,  
 But found immediate cure.

3 Thus Jesus on the sacred cross,  
 Is lifted up on high,  
 Sinners, now look to him by faith,  
 And you "shall never die."

NEEDHAM, ALTERED.

## 221.

### *The Remedy Contemplated.*

"Thanks be unto God, for his unspeakable gift."—  
 2 Cor. 9. (L. M.)

1 AROUND the fainting crowds attend,  
 To Heaven their mournful sighs ascend,  
 They hope, they look, while from the pole  
 Descends a power that makes them whole.

2 But O what healing to the heart,  
 Doth our Redeemer's cross impart,  
 What life, by faith, our souls receive,  
 What pleasures do his sorrows give.

3 Still may I view the Saviour's Cross,  
 And other objects count but loss ;  
 Here still be fix'd my feasted eyes,  
 Enraptur'd with his sacrifice.

RIPPON'S SELECTION.

## 222.

### *The Remedy Efficacious.*

"When he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived."—  
 Num. 21. (C. M.)

1 BEHOLD the Hebrew Prophet raise  
 The brazen Serpent high,  
 The wounded feel immediate ease,  
 The Camp forbears to die.

- 2 "Look upward in the dying hour,"  
 'And live, the Prophet cries,  
 But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
 When *faith* lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the Cross the Saviour hung,  
 High in the Heaven's he reigns,  
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,  
 Look and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,  
 A dying world revives,  
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope,  
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

WATTS.

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 THE BALM OF GILEAD.
 

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223.

*Balm Required.*

"Is there no balm in Gilead."—Jer. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 WHY droops my soul, with guilt opprest?  
 Why these wild tumults of my breast?  
 Is there no *balm* to heal my wound,  
 No kind Physician to be found?
- 2 Yes, the gospel's faithful lines,  
 Jehovah's grace and mercy shines,  
 There dress'd in love, the Saviour stands,  
 With pitying heart, and wooing hands.
- 3 And shall my trembling soul complain,  
 "I sought relief, but sought in vain,"  
 That Jesus, who for sinners died,  
 Heard all my groans and still denied.

- 4 Dear Saviour, at thy feet I lie,  
 Here to receive a cure, or die,  
 But love forbids that painful fear,  
 And grace that reigns triumphant here.

BOWDEN'S COLLECTION.

## 224.

### *Balm Discovered.*

“ Behold a company from Gilead bearing balm.”—  
 Gen. 37. (P. M.)

- 1 YES, there is, there is, my God,  
*Balm*, abundant *Balm* in thee ;  
 Rivers of atoning blood,  
 Streams of living purity.  
 Pour thy grace into my soul,  
 Close my wounds, and make me whole.
- 2 Did'st thou ever see a soul  
 More in need of help than mine,  
 Then refuse to make me whole,  
 Then withhold the *Balm* divine.  
 But if I do not need thee most,  
 Come, and seek, and save the lost.

WESLEY.

## 225.

### *Balm Solicited.*

“ O Lord heal me.”—Psa. 6. (P. M.)

- 1 O JESUS, in pity draw near,  
 Come quickly to help a lost soul,  
 To comfort a mourner appear,  
 And make a poor Lazarus whole :  
 The *balm* of thy mercy apply,  
 Thou see'st the sore anguish I feel,  
 Save, Lord, or I perish, I die,  
 O save, or I sink into hell.

2 I sink, if thou longer delay,  
 Thy pardoning mercy to show,  
 Come quickly, and kindly display,  
 The power of thy passion below !  
 By all thou hast done for my sake,  
 One drop of thy blood I implore,  
 Now, now, let it touch me, and make  
 The sinner, a sinner no more !

WESLEY.

## 226.

### *Balm Celebrated.*

“ Take *Balm* for her pain, if she may be healed.”—  
 Jer. 31. (C. M.)

1 VIEWING Christ as newly slain,  
 To him I lift mine eye !  
*Balm* of all my grief and pain,  
 His grace is ever nigh ;  
 Now, as yesterday, the same  
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be,  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

2 Saviour, from thy wounded side  
 I never will depart,  
 Here will I my spirit hide,  
 Till I am pure in heart :  
 Till my place above I claim,  
 This only shall be all my plea,  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

WESLEY.

## 227.

*Balm Procured.*

“The blood of Jesus.”—Heb. 10. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, the Saviour, balmy name,  
Thy worth my tongue would now proclaim,  
By thy atonement set me free,  
My life, my hope, is all from thee.
- 2 Raise to the Cross, thy weeping eyes,  
Behold, the Prince of glory dies,  
He dies extended on the tree,  
And sheds a sovereign *Balm* for me.
- 3 Millions who now his throne surround,  
Here sought relief, here mercy found ;  
His Cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,  
Heal'd all their wounds, dried all their tears.

SCOTT.

## 228.

*Balm Proclaimed.*

“The Lord hath proclaimed thy salvation  
cometh.”—Isa. 62. (C. M.)

- 1 SALVATION, O the joyful sound,  
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;  
A sovereign *balm* for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,  
At Hell's dark door we lay,  
But we arise by grace divine,  
To see a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation, let the echo fly,  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

## 229.

*Balm Applied.*

“Lo, this has touched thy lips, and thy sin is purged.”—Isa. 6. (L. M.)

- 1 WHEN on the Cross my Saviour died,  
A righteous God was pacified,  
My debts he paid, my sins he bore, †  
And Justice now demands no more.
- 2 A healing *Balm* his hand bestows,  
To cure my wounds, and ease my woes,  
And a rich fountain still remains,  
To wash away my guilty stains.

BEDDOME.

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 CHRIST A FOUNTAIN.
 

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## 230.

*Its Virtues.*

“A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.”—  
Zech. 13. (P. M.)

- 1 HAIL, everlasting spring,  
Celestial FOUNTAIN hail,  
Thy streams salvation bring,  
Thy waters never fail.  
Still they endure, and still they flow,  
For all our woe a Sov'reign cure.
- 2 Blest be his wounded side,  
And blest his bleeding heart,  
Who all in anguish died,  
Such favors to impart.  
His sacred blood shall make us clean  
From every stain and every sin.

DODDRIDGE.

## 231.

*Its Fulness.*

“Of his fulness have all we received.”—Jno. 1.  
(P. M.)

- 1 PLENTEOUS grace with thee is found,  
Grace to pardon all my sin,  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.
- 2 Thou of life the FOUNTAIN art,  
Freely let me take of thee,  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all Eternity.

## 232.

*Its Efficacy.*

“Washed their robes, and made them white in the  
blood of the Lamb.”—Rev. 7. (C. M.)

- 1 THERE is a FOUNTAIN filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day,  
And there have I, tho' vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom'd church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.



- 5 But when this lisp'ing stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave,  
 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save.

COWPER.

## 233.

*Its humble Suppliant.*

“ Wash me, throughly, from mine iniquities.”—  
 Psa. 51. (C. M.)

- 1 MY dying Saviour, and my God,  
 FOUNTAIN for guilt and sin,  
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,  
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 2 For ever here my rest shall be,  
 Close to thy bleeding side,  
 This all my hope, and all my plea, †  
 For me the Saviour died.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own,  
 Wash me, and mine thou art,  
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
 Till faith to sight improve,  
 Till hope in full fruition die,  
 And all my soul be love.

WESLEY.

## 234.

*Its Glory.*

“ The streams whereof make glad the city of  
 God.”—Psa. 66. (C. M.)

- 1 COME, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
 And wash away our sins,  
 In the dear fountain that his son  
 Pour'd from his dying veins.

- 2 Our guilt shall vanish all away,  
 Tho' black as hell before,  
 Our sin shall sink beneath the sea,  
 And shall be found no more.
- 3 And lest pollution should o'erspread  
 Our inward powers again,  
 His spirit shall bedew our souls  
 With purifying rain.

WATTS

## 235.

*Its Triumph.*

"And did all drink the same spiritual drink."—  
 1 Cor. 10. (C. M.)

- 1 TO the dear FOUNTAIN of thy blood,  
 Incarnate God I fly,  
 Here let me wash my spotted soul,  
 From crimes of deepest dye.
- 2 Stretch out thine arm victorious king,  
 My reigning sins subdue,  
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
 With all his hellish crew.
- 3 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
 On thy kind arms I fall,  
 Be thou my strength, and righteousness,  
 My Saviour, and my all.

WATTS.

## 236.

*Its Access.*

"By a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us."—Heb. 10. (P. M.)

- 1 FROM thy dear pierced side,  
 Unspotted Lamb of God,  
 Came forth a mingled stream  
 Of water, and of blood.  
 Here then I'll bathe, and bathe again,  
 Till not a wound, or woe remain.

- 2 A FOUNTAIN, 'tis unseal'd,  
Divinely rich and free,  
Open for all that come,  
And open too for me.  
Thither with speed will I repair,  
Come sinners, come and meet me there.
- BEDDOME.

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CHRIST THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

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237.

*A Friend to the Vilest.*

“A Friend of Publicans and Sinners.” (P. M.)

- 1 I KNOW thee Saviour, who thou art,  
Jesus the feeble sinner's friend,  
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,  
But stay and love me to the end.  
Thy mercies never shall remove,  
Thy nature, and thy name is love.
- 2 Outcasts of men to you I call,  
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves,  
He spreads his arms t' embrace you all,  
Sinners, alone, his grace receives.  
Jesus the sinners friend proclaim,  
Jesus to sinners still the same.

WESLEY.

238.

*A real Friend.*

“A friend loveth at all times.”—Prov. 17. (S. M.)

- 1 O THE transcendant love,  
A sinless Saviour shews,  
For Publicans his bowels move,  
His heart with pity glows.

# 144 CHRIST THE SINNERS FRIEND.

- 2 Jesus invited near,  
The vilest of our race,  
And bids the greatest sinner hear  
The riches of his grace.
- 3 Let Pharisees exclaim,  
And all this grace despise,  
Lord, we will love the Saviour's name,  
'Tis wond'rous in our eyes.
- 4 Yes, to life's utmost end,  
Thy sovereign grace we'll show,  
And own thee for the SINNER'S FRIEND,  
And sin's eternal foe.

BOYCE.

## 239.

### *A Friend in Need.*

“Behold a friend.”—Matt. 11. (C. M.)

- 1 WHEN most we need his helping hand,  
He as our friend is near,  
With heaven and earth at his command,  
He waits to answer prayer.
- 2 When frowns appear to veil his face,  
And clouds surround his throne,  
He hides the purpose of his grace,  
To make it better known.
- 3 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,  
And measures out our pains,  
The wildest storm his word obeys,  
His word its rage restrains.

SWAIN.

## 240.

*An invaluable Friend.*

“ This is my friend.”—Cant. 5. (L. M.)

- 1 POOR, weak, and worthless tho' I am,  
I have a rich almighty FRIEND,  
Jesus, the Saviour, is his name,  
He freely loves, and without end.
- 2 He ransom'd me from hell with blood,  
And by his power my foes controll'd,  
He found me wandering far from God,  
And brought me to his chosen fold.
- 3 He cheers my heart, my want supplies,  
And says that I shall shortly be  
Enthron'd with him above the skies,  
O what a FRIEND is Christ to me.
- 4 But ah ! my inmost spirit mourns,  
And well my eyes with tears may swim,  
To think of my perverse returns,  
I've been a *faithless* friend to him.

NEWTON.

## 241.

*An unequalled Friend.*

“ While we were sinners Christ died for us.”—  
Rom. 5. (P. M.)

- 1 WHICH, of all our *friends*, to save us,  
Could, or would, have shed their blood,  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God.  
This was boundless love indeed !  
Jesus was a FRIEND in need.
- 2 When he liv'd on earth, abased,  
Friend of Sinners was his name,  
Now above all glory raised,  
He rejoices in the same.  
Still he calls them, brethren, Friends,  
And to all their wants attends.

242.

*A neglected Friend.*

“Is this thy kindness to thy friend.”—  
2 Sam. 21. (L. M.)

- 1 **OFTEN**, my gracious **FRIEND**, I grieve,  
Neglect, distrust, and disobey,  
And often Satan's lies believe,  
In spite of all my friend can say.
- 2 He bids me always freely come,  
And promises whate'er I ask,  
But I am straiten'd, cold, and dumb,  
And count my privilege a task.
- 3 Before the word, that hates his cause,  
My treach'rous heart has throbb'd with shame,  
Loth to forego the world's applause,  
I hardly dare avow his name.
- 4 Sure, were not I most vile and base,  
I could not thus my friend requite,  
And were He not the God of grace,  
He'd frown, and spurn me from his sight.

NEWTON.

243.

*A Sailor's Friend.*

“He bringeth them out of their distresses.”—  
Psa. 107. (L. M.)

- 1 **GO** make thy station his dear cross,  
Compar'd with this, count all things loss,  
Wait till his pitying ear he lend,  
Christ is the contrite Sailor's **FRIEND**.
- 2 And such a **FRIEND**! oh make him yours,  
Pardon his boundless love procures,  
Go Sailor—and he will attend,  
Lord Jesus, be the Sailor's **FRIEND**.

- 3 Plead not of works which thou hast done,  
 They never can for Sin atone,  
 Emptied of self, to nought pretend,  
 But rest on Christ the Sailor's FRIEND.

CHAPMAN'S COLLECTION.

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CHRIST A GUEST.

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244.

? *Spiritual Captivity deplored.*

"Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise  
 thy name."—Psa. 142. (C. M.)

- 1 AND will the Lord thus condescend  
 To visit sinful worms,  
 Thus at the door shall mercy stand,  
 In all her winning forms?
- 2 Shall Jesus for admission sue, †  
 His soothing voice unheard,  
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
 Remain for ever barr'd?
- 3 'Tis Sin, alas, with tyrant pow'r,  
 The lodging has possest,  
 And crowds of traitors bar the door  
 Against the heavenly guest.
- 4 Lord, rise in thy all-conquering grace,  
 Thy mighty pow'r display,  
 One beam of glory from thy face,  
 Can drive my foes away.
- 5 Ye dang'rous inmates, hence depart,  
 Dear Saviour enter in,  
 And guard the passage to my heart,  
 And keep out every sin.

STEELE.

## 245.

*Jesus waiting Admission.*

“ Behold I stand at the door and knock.”—  
Rev. 3. (C. M.)

- 1 HE now stands knocking at the door  
Of every sinner's heart,  
The worst need keep him out no more,  
Nor force him to depart.
- 2 Thro' grace we hearken to thy voice,  
Yield to be sav'd from sin,  
In sure and certain hope rejoice  
That thou wilt enter in.
- 3 Come quickly in, thou heavenly GUEST,  
Nor ever hence remove,  
But sup with us, and let the feast  
Be everlasting love.

WESLEY.

## 246.

*Jesu's Voice.*

“ Sweet is thy voice.”—Sol. Song. 11. (C. M.)

- 1 IT is no stranger's voice I hear,  
I know it is my Lord's,  
He knocks both at my heart and ear,  
These are his loving words.
- 2 “ Open to me, my Father's child,  
Open to me, my love,  
Open to me, my undefiled,  
Open to me, my dove.”
- 3 My grace and patience here have stood,  
Long waiting at thy door,  
Fain would I enter for thy good,  
Reject thy Lord no more.



- 4 Accurs'd temptations, all be gone,  
 Nor longer me restrain,  
 Satan depart,—Lord take thy own,  
 I'll have my Christ again.

AN OLD AUTHOR.

## 247.

*The Soul overcome by Jesu's Grace.*

"And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead."  
 Rev. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour at thy door,  
 He gently knocks—has knock'd before,  
 Has waited long, is waiting still,  
 You treat no other Friend so ill.
- 2 O lovely attitude!—he stands,  
 With melting heart, and outstretch'd hands;  
 O matchless kindness! and he shews,  
 This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 3 Admit him—for the human breast  
 Ne'er entertained so kind a guest;  
 Admit him—for the hour's at hand,  
 When at his door, deny'd you'll stand.
- 4 Open my heart, Lord enter in,  
 Slay every foe, and conquer sin,  
 I now to thee my all resign,  
 My body, soul, shall all be thine.

GRIGG.

## 248.

*Cordial Reception of Christ.*

"He made haste and came down, and received  
 him joyfully."—Luke 19. (L. M.)

- 1 SAVIOUR of all, to thee we bow,  
 And own thee faithful to thy word,  
 We hear thy voice, and open now  
 Our hearts to entertain our Lord.

- 2 Come in, come in, thou heavenly guest,  
 Delight in what thyself hast given,  
 On thy own gifts and graces feast,  
 And make the contrite heart thy heaven.
- 3 Smell the sweet odour of our prayers,  
 Our sacrifice of praise approve,  
 And treasure up our gracious tears,  
 Christ the gift of God.

WESLEY.

249.

*Christ the Gift of God.*

“He gave his only begotten Son.”—Jno. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 GOD from his radiant throne on high  
 Sent his own Son to bleed and die,  
 To bear our sins, endure our pains,  
 And take away our guilty stains.
- 2 His best Belov'd, He freely gave,  
 Our wandering souls to seek, and save;  
 On Him the vengeance due was pour'd,  
 That ruin'd man might be restor'd.

BEDDOME.

250.

*Every Gift in Christ.*

“How shall he not with him also, freely give us  
 all things.” Rom. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 CHRIST is the glorious gift of God,  
 To sinners weary and distress'd,  
 The first of all his gifts bestow'd,  
 And certain pledge of all the rest.
- 2 Could I but say this gift is mine,  
 The world should lie beneath my feet,  
 Tho' poor, no more would I repine,  
 Or look with envy on the great.

- 3 The precious jewel I would keep,  
And lodge it deep within my heart,  
Abroad, at home, awake, asleep,  
It never should from thence depart.

BEDDOME.

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CHRIST THE LAMB OF GOD.

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251.

*The Paschal Lamb.*

- ∴ "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us."—  
1 Cor. 5. (S. M.)

1 THOU very Paschal Lamb,  
Whose blood for us was shed,  
Thro' whom we out of Egypt came,  
Thy ransom'd people lead.

2 Our fainting souls sustain  
With blessings from above,  
And ever on thy people reign  
The manna of thy love.

RIPPON'S COLL.

252.

*The Great Sight.*

- "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight."—  
Exod. 3. (C. M.)

1 SAILORS, to Jesus now draw near,  
Invited by his word,  
The chief of sinners need not fear,  
"Behold the Lamb of God."

## 152 CHRIST THE LAMB OF GOD.

- 2 Backsliders too, the Saviour calls,  
And washes in his blood,  
Arise, return from grievous falls,  
“Behold the Lamb of God.”
- 3 In ev’ry state, and time, and place,  
Nought plead but Jesus blood,  
However wretched be your case,  
“Behold the Lamb of God.”
- 4 Spirit of grace, to us apply  
Immanuel’s precious blood,  
That we may with thy saints on high  
“Behold the Lamb of God.”

HOSKINS.

## 253.

### *The Heart in Tune for Heaven.*

“Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ.”—  
Phil. i. (P. M.)

- 1 WHILE the angel-choirs are crying,  
Glory to the great I Am,  
I with them would still be vieing,  
“Glory, glory to the Lamb.”  
Oh! how precious  
Is the sound of Jesu’s name.
- 2 Now I see, with joy and wonder,  
Whence the healing streams arose,  
Angel minds are lost to ponder  
Dying love’s mysterious cause.  
What a blessing!  
Down to all, to *me*, it flows.

HILL’S COLL.

254.

*The Great Day of Atonement.*

“ It is finished.”—Jno. 19. (L. M.)

- 1 OUR sins and griefs on Christ were laid,  
He meekly bore the mighty load,  
Our ransom price he fully paid,  
In groans and tears, in sweat and blood.
- 2 To save a guilty world he dies,  
Sinners behold the bleeding Lamb,  
To him lift up your longing eyes,  
And hope for mercy in his name.
- 3 Pardon and peace thro' him abound,  
He can the richest blessings give,  
Salvation in his name is found,  
He bids the dying sinner live.

FAWCETT.

255.

*The “ New Song ” of Redemption.*

“ Thou hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.”—  
Rev. 5. (S. M.)

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb,  
Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,  
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,  
Sing of his rising pow'r,  
Sing how he intercedes above  
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransom'd sinners sing,  
Sing on, rejoicing every day,  
In Christ the exalted king.

256.

*Praise for full Salvation.*

“ Blessing and honour be unto the Lamb for ever  
and ever.”—Rev. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part,  
Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,  
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb that freed my captive soul  
From Satan's heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl  
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or Saints to feel his grace.

WATTS.

257.

*Consecration to Jesus.*

“ And gave their own selves to the Lord.”—  
2 Cor. 8. (P. M.)

- 1 JESUS, all-atoning Lamb,  
Thine, and only thine, I am,  
Take my body, spirit, soul,  
Only thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou, my one thing needful be,  
Let me ever cleave to thee,  
Let me choose the better part,  
Let me give thee all my heart.

- 3 Whom have I on earth below?  
Thee, and only thee I know!  
Whom have I in heaven but thee?  
Thou art all in all to me.

WESLEY.

## 258.

### *Evangelical Repentance at the Cross.*

“Mary stood at the sepulchre weeping.”—  
Jno. 20. (S. M.)

- 1 NOT all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb  
Takes all our sins away,  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my crime.
- 4 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove,  
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,  
And sing his bleeding love.

WATTS.

## 259.

### *A true Disciple.*

“Behold an Israelite indeed.”—Jno. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 THOU Lamb of God, thou prince of peace,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine,  
My longing heart implores thy grace,  
O make me in thy likeness shine,

156 CHRIST A STRONG HOLD.

- 2 When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast,  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.
- 3 Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various currents flow ;  
With stedfast eye mark every step,  
And follow thee where'er I go.

WESLEY.

260.

*The Shining Christian.*

" Lord, it is good for us to be here."—  
Matt. 17. (C. M.)

- 1 HIS only righteousness I show,  
His saving truth proclaim,  
'Tis all my business here below  
To cry " Behold the Lamb."
- 2 Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but grasp his name,  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
Behold, behold the Lamb.

WESLEY.

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CHRIST A STRONG HOLD.

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261.

*Souls in Bondage instructed.*

- " Turn ye to the strong hold."—Zech. 9. (L. M.)
- 1 PRIS'NERS of hope, why will ye die,  
Why from the only refuge fly,  
Jesus, our hiding place and tow'r,  
Invites the guilty, and the poor.



- 2 Pris'ners of sin, and Satan too,  
The Saviour calls, he calls for you ;  
Turn, sinners, turn, to the STRONG HOLD,  
The Saviour bought whom sin had sold.
- 3 He came to comfort all that mourn,  
He sweetly says to sinners, " Turn ;"  
Pris'ners of hope, his voice attend,  
Nor slight the calls of such a friend.
- HOSKINS.

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## CHRIST THE WAY.

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262.

*The Sinners Joy at Hearing the Gospel.*

- “ Blessed is the people who know the joyful  
sound.”—Psa. 89. (L. M.)
- 1 THIS is the way I long have sought,  
And mourn'd because I found it not,  
My grief and burden long has been,  
Because I could not cease from sin.
- 2 The more I strove against its power,  
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,  
Till late, I heard my Saviour say,  
Come hither soul, I am THE WAY.
- 3 Lo, glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,  
Shall take me to thee as I am ;  
My sinful self to thee I give,  
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 4 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
What a dear Saviour I have found,  
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
And say “ Behold THE WAY to God !”

## CHRIST A PORTION.

263.

*The "True Riches."**"The Lord is my portion."—Lam. 3. (C. M.)*

- 1 FROM pole to pole let others roam,  
And search in vain for bliss,  
My soul is satisfied at home,  
The Lord my portion is.
- 2 Jesus, who on his glorious throne,  
Rules heaven and earth, and sea,  
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
And give himself for me.
- 3 His person fixes all my love,  
His blood removes my fear,  
And while he pleads for me above,  
His arm preserves me here.
- 4 His word of promise is my food,  
His spirit is my guide,  
Thus daily is my strength renew'd,  
And all my wants supplied.

NEWTON.

## CHRIST A PRECIOUS PEARL.

264.

*Exalted Happiness.**"One pearl of great price."—Matt. 13. (C. M.)*

- 1 BEGONE, unworthy of my cares,  
Ye specious baits of sense,  
Inestimable worth appears  
The PEARL of price immense.

STEELE.

- 2 I've found the pearl of greatest price,  
 My heart exults with joy,  
 And sing I must,—A Christ I have—  
 O what a Christ have I!

MASON.

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 THE OFFICES OF CHRIST.
 

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265.

*Blessedness of Them.*

“ An High Priest over the house of God.”—  
 Heb. 10. (P. M.)

- 1 GREAT PROPHET of our God,  
 Our tongues would bless thy name,  
 By thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came.  
 The joyful news of sins forgiven,  
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 2 Jesus, our great HIGH PRIEST,  
 Offer'd his blood and died ;  
 Lost guilty sinners seek  
 No sacrifice beside.  
 His powerful blood did once atone,  
 And now it pleads before the throne.
- 3 Thou dear Almighty Lord,  
 Our conqueror and our KING,  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace we sing.  
 Thine is the pow'r! O may we sit,  
 In willing bonds beneath thy feet!

WATTS, ALTERED.

## 266.

*The Advantages they confer.*

“All spiritual blessings in Christ.”—Eph. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 GREAT PROPHET, let me bless thy name,  
By thee the joyful tidings came,  
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiven,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.
- 2 JESUS, my great HIGH PRIEST, has dy'd,  
I seek no sacrifice beside,  
His blood did “once for all” atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.
- 3 My Lord, my conqueror, and my KING,  
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;  
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit,  
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

WATTS.

## 267.

*Believing Appropriation.*

“Who loved me.”—1 Gal. 11. (P. M.)

- 1 PROPHET, to me reveal  
Thy Father's perfect will;  
Never mortal spake like thee,  
Human prophet like divine,  
Loud and strong their voices be,  
Small and still, and inward thine.
- 2 On thee, my Priest, I call,  
Thy blood aton'd for all.  
Still the Lamb, as slain, appears,  
Still thou stand'st before the throne,  
Ever offering up my prayers,  
These presenting with thine own.



## THE TITLES OF CHRIST.

270.

## ADVOCATE.

*The Soul Encouraged to behold Him.*

“ We have an advocate with the Father.”—  
1 Jno. 11. (L. M.)

1 LOOK up, my soul, with cheerful eye,  
See where the great Redeemer stands,  
The glorious ADVOCATE on high,  
With precious incense in his hands!

2 He sweetens every humble groan,  
He recommends each broken prayer,  
Recline thy hope on Him alone,  
Whose power and love forbid despair.

RIPPON'S SELECTION.

271.

*Reasons to Praise and Esteem Him.*

“ He ever liveth to make intercession.”—  
: Heb. 7. (S. M.)

1 EXTOL his Kingly power,  
Kiss the exalted Son,  
Who died, and lives to die no more,  
High on his Father's throne.

2 Our ADVOCATE with God,  
He undertakes our cause,  
And spreads thro' all the earth abroad,  
The victory of His cross.

WESLEY.

## 272.

*Our Cause Safe in his Hands.*

“Thou hearest me always.”—Jno. 11. (C. M.)

- 1 LO, Christ by his own powerful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shews his own sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus the King of glory reigns  
On Sion's heavenly hill,  
Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.
- 3 He ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face,  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

WATTS.

## 273.

*Wond'rous Goodness Expected.*

“I pray for them.”—Jno. 17. (P. M.)

- 1 O JESUS, my hope, for me offer'd up,  
Who with clamor pursued thee to Calvary's top,  
The blood thou hast shed, for me let it plead,  
And declare thou hast died in thy murderer's stead.
- 2 Each moment applied, my weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide,  
My ADVOCATE prove, with the Father above,  
And speak me at last to the throne of thy love.

WESLEY.

## 274.

*All Obstacles Removed.*

"Blotting out the hand writing."—Col. 2. (P. M.)

- 1 **WHAT** shall I do my suit to gain?  
 O Lamb of God, for sinners slain!  
 I plead what thou hast done.  
 Did'st thou not die the death for me?  
 Jesus, remember Calvary,  
 And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Take the dear purchase of thy blood,  
 My Friend and **ADVOCATE** with God,  
 My ransom and my peace.  
 Surety, who all my debt has paid,  
 For all my sins atonement made,  
 The Lord my righteousness.

WESLEY.

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 OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.
 

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## 275.

*The Value of His Righteousness.*"The righteousness which is of God by faith."—  
 Phil. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 **NOW** for the love I bear his name,  
 What was my gain, I count my loss,  
 My former pride, I call my shame,  
 And nail my glory to his Cross.
- 2 Yes, and I must, and will esteem,  
 All things but loss for Jesu's sake,  
 O may my soul be found in Him,  
 And of his **RIGHTEOUSNESS** partake.



- 3 The best obedience of my hands,  
 Dares not appear before thy throne,  
 But faith can answer thy demands,  
 By pleading what my Lord has done.  
 WATTS.

## 276.

*The Robe of Righteousness.*

“He hath covered me with a robe.”—  
 Isa. 61. (C. M.)

- 1 AWAKE my heart, arise my tongue,  
 Prepare a tuneful voice,  
 In God, the life of all my joys,  
 Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,  
 And made salvation mine,  
 Upon a poor polluted worm  
 He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
 Should on my soul be found,  
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
 And cast it all around.
- 4 How far this heavenly robe exceeds  
 What earthly Princes wear;  
 These ornaments, how bright they shine,  
 How white the garments are.
- 5 The spirit wrought my faith and love,  
 And hope, and every grace,  
 But Jesus spent his life to work,  
 The ROBE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

WATTS.

## 277.

*The Guilty made Righteous.*

“ Him that justifieth the ungodly.”—  
Rom. 4. (C. M.)

- 1 SAVIOUR divine ! we know thy name,  
And in that name we trust,  
Thou art the *Lord our Righteousness*,  
Thou art thine Israel's boast.
- 2 The sins of one most righteous day,  
Might plunge us in despair,  
Yet all the crimes of num'rous years,  
Shall our great surety clear.
- 2 Guilty, we plead before thy throne,  
And low in dust we lie,  
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm,  
To bring the guilty nigh.

DODDRIDGE.

## 278.

*Prayer for Mankind.*

“ Let the whole earth be filled with his glory.”—  
Psa. 72. (L. M.)

- 1 O LET the dead now hear thy voice,  
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice,  
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,  
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.
- 2 This spotless robe the same appears,  
When ruin'd nature sinks in years,  
No age can change its glorious hue,  
The Robe of Christ is ever new.

DE COURCY.

279.

*Glorious Prospects of the Believer.*

“Then shall I know even, as also I am known.”—  
1 Cor. 13. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy blood and righteousness  
My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
Mid flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of earth I rise,  
To claim my mansions in the skies,  
Even then, shall this be all my plea,  
“Jesus, hath lived, hath died for me.”
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,  
For who ought to my charge shall lay,  
Fully thro' thee absolv'd I am,  
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame. ]
- 4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,  
Thus all the armies bought with blood,  
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim.  
Sinners of whom, the chief I am.

WESLEY.

OUR SACRIFICE AND ATONEMENT.

280.

*Our only Help.*

“I have laid help upon one that is mighty.”—  
Psa. 89. (L. M.)

- 1 JUSTICE provok'd, for vengeance calls,  
And God's own Son a victim falls;  
'Twas he alone who could sustain  
The dreadful stroke for ruin'd man.

## 168 OUR SACRIFICE AND ATONEMENT.

2 Deep floods of sorrow o'er him roll,  
Severest conflicts rend his soul,  
He sweats, he groans, he bleeds, he dies,  
A spotless, perfect, *Sacrifice*.

3 Jesus, when faith with fixed eyes,  
Beholds thy wond'rous SACRIFICE,  
Love rises to an ardent flame,  
And we all other hope disclaim.

BEDDOME.

## 281.

### *Life from Jesu's Death.*

“ Alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”—  
Rom. 6. (C. M.)

1 YE mourning saints, behold  
The Lamb that once was slain,  
See, see him on the cross expire  
In agonizing pain.

2 The fruits of glory grow  
On that accursed tree,  
The Saviour dies, the sinner lives,  
His bondage sets us free.

3 The law he satisfied,  
And paid the debt we ow'd,  
*Aton'd* our guilt, our grief sustain'd,  
A vast oppressive load.

4 'Tis from his dying groans,  
Our loud hosanna's rise,  
By faith in him, our soul's aspire  
To mansions in the skies.

BEDDOME.

282.

*Difference of the Law and Gospel.*

“ The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.”—  
2 Cor. 3. (P. M.)

- 1 NOTHING but thy blood, O Jesus,  
Can relieve us from our guilt,  
Nothing else from sin release us,  
Nothing else the heart can melt.
- 2 Law and terrors do but harden,  
While they operate alone,  
But a sense of blood-bought pardon,  
Soon dissolves a heart of stone.

HART.

283.

*Believing Considerations.*

“ Herein is love.”—Jno. 4. (C. M.)

- 1 WE see the blood of Jesus shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise,  
The sinner views *th' Atonement* made,  
And loves the *Sacrifice*.
- 2 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
Procure us heavenly crowns,  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,  
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 3 O 'tis impossible, that we,  
Who dwell in feeble clay,  
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,  
Or equal thanks repay.

WATTS.

284.

*Near Views of the Crucifixion.*

“Behold me, behold me.”—Isa. 65. (S. M.)

- 1 LO, the eternal word  
Assumes our flesh and dies ;  
Amaz'd, I see his bloody sweat,  
And hear his plaintive cries.
- 2 By faith I view him there,  
Nail'd to the fatal tree,  
And realize the pains he bore,  
For such a worm as me.
- 3 Thus he *Atonement* made,  
For crimes of deepest dye,  
And now he sends the spirit down,  
His merits to apply.
- 4 I'll make his name my trust,  
And glory in his Cross,  
For him I'd part with all my gains,  
And count those gains but loss.

BEDDOME.

285.

*The Debt of Sin Paid.*

“Ye are bought with a price.”—1 Cor. 6. (P. M.)

- 1 COMPLETE *Atonement* thou hast made,  
And to the utmost farthing paid,  
Whate'er thy people ow'd ;  
How then can wrath on me take place,  
If shelter'd in thy Righteousness,  
And sprinkled with thy blood.
- 2 If thou hast my discharge procured,  
And freely in my room endur'd  
The whole of wrath divine ;  
Payment God cannot twice demand,  
First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
And then again at mine.

TOPLADY.

## 286.

*Earnest Application to Jesus.*

“ Lord, save us, we perish.”—Matt. 8. (P. M.)

- 1 WOULD Jesus have the sinner die,  
Why hangs he then on yonder tree?  
What means that strange expiring cry,  
Sinners, he prays for you and me.  
“ Forgive them, Father, O forgive,  
They know not that by *me* they live.”
- 2 Thou loving, *all-atoning*, Lamb,  
Thee by thy painful agony,  
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,  
Thy cross and passion on the tree.  
Thy precious death, and life, I pray,  
Take all, take all, my sins away.
- 3 O let me kiss thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my tears;  
The story of thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinners ears!  
That all may hear the quick'ning sound,  
Since I, even I, have mercy found.

WESLEY.

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## THE SUPREME EXCELLENCE OF CHRIST.

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## 287.

*His Name.*

“ And given him a name which is above every name.”—Phil. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, to multitudes unknown,  
O name divinely sweet,  
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honor, pleasure, meet.

- 2 Should both the Indies at thy call,  
 Their boasted stores resign,  
 With joy I would renounce them all,  
 For leave to call thee mine.
- 3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
 Of this dear gift possess'd,  
 I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
 And be for ever bless'd.
- 4 Dear sovereign of my soul's desires,  
 Thy love is bliss divine,  
 Accept the wish that love inspires,  
 And bid me call thee mine.

STEELE.

## 288.

*Its Manifestation.*

“ It pleased God to reveal his Son in me.”—  
 Gal. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 COME Lord, and to my soul reveal  
 The heights and depths of grace ;  
 The wounds which all my sorrows heal  
 That dear disfigur'd face.
- 2 Before my eyes of faith confest,  
 Stand forth a slaughter'd Lamb,  
 And wrap me in thy crimson vest,  
 And tell me all thy name.
- 3 Jehovah in thy person shew  
 My Saviour crucified,  
 Until the pardoning God I know,  
 And feel the blood applied.
- 4 I view the Lamb in his own light,  
 Whom Angels dimly see,  
 And gaze transported at the sight,  
 To all etern'ty.

WESLEY



## 289.

*Its Fragrance.*

“Thy name is as ointment poured forth.”—  
Cant. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 CHRIST'S name, as precious Ointment shed,  
Delights the Church around ;  
Sweetly the sacred odours spread  
Thro' all Immanuel's ground.
- 2 Millions of happy spirits live  
On thy exhaustless store,  
From thee they all their bliss receive,  
And still thou givest more.
- 3 Thou art their triumph and their joy,  
They find their all in thee,  
Thy glories will their tongues employ,  
Thro' all eternity.

FAWCETT.

## 290.

*Its Grace.*

“In his name shall the Gentiles trust.”—  
Matt. 12. (P. M.)

- 1 JESUS, I bless thy gracious power,  
And all within me shouts thy *Name* ;  
Thy name let every soul adore,  
Thy power let every tongue proclaim.  
Thy grace let every sinner know,  
And find in thee their Heaven below.

WESLEY.

## 291.

*Its Influence.*

“Unto them that believe he is precious.”—  
1 Pet. 2. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,  
'Tis music to my ear,  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That earth and heaven might hear.

- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport and my trust,  
 Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
 And shed its fragrance there,  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,  
 With my last labouring breath,  
 And dying clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death.

DODDRIDGE.

292.

*Its Wonders.*

"His name shall be called wonderful."—  
 Isa. 9. (C. M.)

- 1 JESUS, in thy transporting name,  
 What blissful glories rise,  
 Jesus, the angel's sweetest theme,  
 The wonder of the skies.
- 2 Well might the skies with wonder view,  
 A love so strange as thine,  
 No thought of angels ever knew  
 Compassion so divine.

STEELE.

293.

*Its Power.*

"They that know thy name will trust in thee."—  
 Psa. 9. (Sevenths.)

- 1 HERE, as in a lion's den,  
 Undevoured we still remain,  
 Pass secure the wat'ry flood,  
 Hanging on the arm of God ;

Here we raise our voices higher,  
 Shout in the Refiner's fire,  
 Clap our hands amid the flame,  
 Glory give to Jesu's Name.

WESLEY.

## 294.

### *Its Glory.*

"All nations shall come and glorify thy name."—  
 Psa. 86. (L. M.)

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song,  
 Awake my soul, awake my tongue,  
 Hosanna to the eternal name,  
 And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesu's face,  
 The brightest image of his grace,  
 God, in the person of his Son,  
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,  
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God,  
 And thy rich glories from afar,  
 Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
 The noblest labor of thine hands,  
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes,  
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

WATTS.

## 295.

### *Its Energy.*

"Unto thy name give glory."—Psa. 115. (C. M.)

- 1 LO, to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 Thy promis'd aid I claim,  
 Father of mercies, glorify  
 Thy favorite Jesu's Name.

- 2 Salvation in that Name is found,  
 Balm of my grief and care,  
 A medicine for my every wound,  
 All—All I want is there.

WESLEY.

## 296.

*Its Triumph.*

“Rejoicing that they were counted worthy to suffer  
 for his name.”—Acts 5. (L. M.)

- 1 LET the vain world pronounce it shame,  
 And fling their scandals on thy cause,  
 We come to boast our Saviour's *Name*,  
 And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 2 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
 He that was dead has left his tomb,  
 He lives above their utmost rage,  
 And we are waiting till he come.

WATTS.

## 297.

*Its Beauty.*

“Emmanuel—God with us.”—Matt. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear,  
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast,  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
 My shield, and hiding place,  
 My never-failing treasury fill'd  
 With boundless stores of grace.

WESTLAKE'S COLL.

## 298.

*Its Efficacy.*

“Faith in his name hath made this man whole.”—  
Acts 3. (L. M.)

- 1 LORD, what a heaven of saving grace,  
Shines thro’ the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame,  
Lord, how we love thy charming name.
- 2 When I can say *my God is mine*,  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
To the fair coasts of perfect light,  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O’er the dear object of our love.

WATTS.

## 299.

*Its Consolations.*

“Father, glorify thy name.”—Jno. 12. (P. M.)

- 1 WHAT, though a thousand hosts engage,  
A thousand worlds, my soul to shake;  
I have a shield shall quench their rage,  
And drive the alien armies back.  
Pourtray’d it bears a bleeding Lamb,  
I dare believe in Jesu’s *Name*.
- 2 Salvation in his name there is,  
Salvation from sin, death and hell,  
Salvation into glorious bliss,  
How great Salvation who can tell?  
But all he hath for mine I claim,  
I dare believe in Jesu’s *Name*.

WESLEY.

## THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST.

## 300.

*Peaceful.*

“The blood of sprinkling.”—Heb. 12. (L. M.)

- 1 BLOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,  
Revenge, the blood of Abel cries ;  
But the dear stream, when Christ was slain,  
Speaks Peace as loud from every vein.
- 2 Pardon and Peace from God on high,  
Behold he lays his vengeance by,  
And rebels, that deserve his sword,  
Become the favorites of the Lord.
- 3 To Jesus let our praises rise,  
Who gave his life a sacrifice ;  
Now he appears before our God,  
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

WATTS.

## 301.

*Purifying.*

“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”—1 Jno. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 MY God, my God, to thee I cry,  
Thee only would I know,  
Thy purifying blood apply,  
And wash me white as snow.
- 2 Behold for me the victim bleeds,  
His wounds are open'd wide,  
For me the blood of sprinkling pleads,  
And speaks me justify'd.

- 3 O could I lose myself in thee,  
 Thy depth of mercy prove,  
 Thou vast, unfathomable sea  
 Of unexhausted love!

WESLEY.

302.

*Pardoning.*

“ We have redemption through his blood.”—  
 Eph. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 SURPRISING grace, and such were we,  
 By nature and by sin,  
 Heirs of immortal misery,  
 Unholy and unclean.
- 2 But we are wash'd in Jesu's blood,  
 We're pardon'd through his name,  
 And the good spirit of our God  
 Has sanctify'd our frame.

WATTS.

303.

*Atoning.*

“ How much more shall the blood of Christ.”—  
 Heb. 9. (L. M.)

- 1 THY blood, dear Lord, which thou hast spilt,  
 Can make this rocky heart to melt,  
 Thy blood can make me clean within,  
 Thy blood can pardon all my sin.
- 2 'Tis on th' atonement of that blood,  
 I now approach to thee, my God,  
 This is my hope, this is my claim,  
 Jesus has died, and wash'd me clean.
- 3 On this rich blood my faith is found,  
 And on this hope I fix my ground;  
 Soon shall I reach the eternal shore,  
 Where doubts and fears prevail no more.

CENNICK.

## 180 HIS TRANSCENDANT BEAUTIES.

304.

*Wond'rous.*

“The precious blood of Christ.”—1 Pet. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 UP to the fields where Angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ,  
Can make this load of guilt remove,  
And thou can'st bear me where thou fly'st,  
On thy kind wings, celestial dove.

WATTS.

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## HIS TRANSCENDANT BEAUTIES.

305.

*Matchless.*

“How great is his beauty.”—Zech. 9. (C. M.)

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,  
Thou lovely Prince of Peace,  
Thy uncreated beauties shine  
With never fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,  
Come bending at thy feet,  
To thee their prayers and praise ascend,  
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount on high,  
And view thy matchless beauties there,  
With never-ceasing joy.

FAWCETT.



306.

*Amiable.*

“Thou art fairer than the children of men.”—  
Psa. 45. (C. M.)

- 1 SURVEY the beauties of his face,  
And on his glories dwell,  
Think of the wonders of his grace,  
And all his triumphs tell.
- 2 Majestic sweetness sits enthron'd  
Upon his awful brow,  
His head with radiant glories crown'd,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 3 No mortal can with him compare,  
Among the sons of men,  
Fairer he is than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.

WATTS.

307.

*Lovely.*

“He is altogether lovely.”—Cant. 5. (L. M.)

- 1 THE wondering world enquires to know  
Why I should love my Saviour so,  
“What are his charms, say they, above  
The objects of a mortal love?”
- 2 My well-beloved to my sight,  
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white,  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free,  
Red with the blood he shed for me,  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs,  
A sun among ten thousand stars.

## 182 HIS TRANSCENDANT BEAUTIES.

4 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints,  
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints,  
His countenance more graceful is,  
Than Lebanon, with all its trees.

5 All over glorious is my Lord,  
Must be beloved, and yet adored,  
His worth, if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

WATTS.

### 308.

#### *Metaphorical.*

“The chiefest among ten thousand.”—  
Cant. 5. (L. M.)

1 THE whole Creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord,  
Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colors not her own.

2 Is he a *Vine*? his heavenly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;  
O let a lasting union join,  
My soul the branch, to Christ the vine.

3 Is he a *Way*? he leads to God,  
The path is drawn in lines of blood;  
There would I walk with hope and zeal  
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

4 O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise,  
There he displays his powers abroad,  
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

5 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor Heaven, his full resemblance bears,  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

WATTS.

309.

*Condescending.*

“ Christ Jesus came into the world to save.”—  
1 Tim. 1. (L. M.)

- 1 THE fairest of ten thousand fairs,  
    Bends down his chariot from the skies,  
Infinite grace his way prepares,  
    Infinite love adorns his eyes.
- 2 O 'tis a thought would melt a rock,  
    And make a heart of iron move,  
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,  
    Should seek and wish a mortal love. 2
- 3 I was a traitor doomed to fire,  
    Bound to sustain eternal pains,  
But Jesus, flew with strong desire,  
    Assumed my guilt, and took my chains.
- 4 Did pity ever stoop so low,  
    Dress'd in Divinity and blood,  
Was ever rebel courted so,  
    In groans of an expiring God.

ROWLAND'S COLL.

310.

*Cheering.*

“ I will behold thy face in righteousness.”—  
Psa. 17. (L. M.)

- 1 JESUS, thy face I long to see,  
That lovely face, once marr'd for me,  
In which, with lustre all divine,  
A thousand peerless beauties shine.
- 2 One smile of thine my heart can cheer,  
Prisons delight, if thou art there,  
In thine embrace I'll yield my breath,  
And triumph in the pangs of death.

BEDDOME.

## 311.

*Sailors beholding his Beauty.*

“Thine eyes shall behold the king in his beauty.”—  
Isa. 33. (C. M.)

- 1 SHALL I behold my King the Lamb,  
Who bled and died for me,  
Who bore my sins, and curse, and shame,  
Upon th' accursed tree.
- 2 Sailors, behold his beauties here,  
When call'd to bear his Cross,  
And Sailors now esteem him dear,  
And count all else but dross.
- 3 But I a rebel Sailor fought,  
All arm'd against my God,  
Nor e'er his grace and mercy sought,  
But trampled on his blood.
- 4 Yet Jesus snatch'd me from the flames,  
And gave me eyes to see,  
The beauty of ten thousand names,  
In love he bears for me. Z.

## 312.

*Admiration of Jesus in Heaven.*

“That they may behold my glory”—  
Jno. 17. (C. M.)

- 1 MILLIONS of years, my wond'ring eyes,  
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
And endless ages, I'll adore  
The glories of thy love.
- 2 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine  
Shall fresh endearments bring,  
And thousand tastes of new delight  
From all thy graces spring.

- 3 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul,  
 Up to thy blessed abode,  
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
 My Saviour and my God.

WATTS.

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ALMIGHTY GRACE.

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313.

*The Source of Christian Experience.*

“ With shoutings of grace, grace unto it.”—  
 Zech. 4. (S M.)

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to the ear,  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first inscribed my name,  
 In God's eternal book,  
 'Twas grace that gave me to the Lamb  
 Who all my sorrows took.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet  
 To tread the heavenly road,  
 And new supplies each hour I meet,  
 While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace taught my soul to pray,  
 And made my eyes o'erflow,  
 'Twas grace that kept me to this day,  
 And will not let me go.
- 5 Grace, all the work shall crown,  
 Thro' everlasting days,  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

## 314.

*Impediments Removed by Grace.*

“Who art thou? O great mountain.”—  
Zech. 4. (P. M.)

- 1 COME Lord, from above, the mountains remove,  
Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love,  
My bosom inspire, inkindle the fire,  
And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.
- 2 The blessing is free,—so Lord let it be,  
I yield that thy love, should be *given* to me,  
I freely receive, what thou freely dost give,  
And consent in thy love—In thy Eden to live.
- 3 The gift I embrace, the giver I praise,  
And ascribe my salvation to Jesus's grace ;  
It comes from above, the foretaste I prove,  
And I soon shall receive all the fulness of love.

WESLEY.

## 315.

*The Cause of Conversion.*

“Justified freely by his grace.”—Rom. 3. (L. M.)

- 1 AH! but for free and sovereign grace,  
I still had liv'd estrang'd from God,  
Till hell had prov'd the destin'd place,  
Of my deserv'd, but dread abode.
- 2 But oh! amaz'd I see the hand  
That stopp'd me in my wild career,  
A miracle of grace I stand,  
The Lord has taught my heart to fear.
- 3 To fear his name, to trust his grace,  
To learn his will, be my employ,  
Till I shall see him, face to face,  
Himself—my heaven, himself my joy.

GADSBY.

## 316.

*Sweetness of Gospel Grace.*

“ They who receive abundance of grace.”—  
Rom. 5. (C. M.)

- 1 GRACE, how exceeding sweet to those  
Who feel they sinners are!  
Sunk and distrest, they taste, and know,  
Their heaven is only there.
- 2 Rich grace, free grace, most sweetly calls,  
Directly come who will,  
Just as you are, for Christ receives  
Poor helpless sinners still.
- 3 'Tis grace each day that feeds our souls,  
Grace keeps us inly poor,  
And O that nothing else but grace  
May rule us evermore.

HILL'S COLL.

## 317.

*Spiritual Poverty Confessed.*

“ God is able to make all grace abound.”—  
2 Cor. 9. (S. M.)

- 1 TEN thousand wants have I,  
Alas! I all things want,  
But God has bid me always cry,  
And never never faint.
- 2 Yet, Lord, well might I fear,  
Fear even to ask thy grace,  
So oft have I, alas! drawn near,  
And mock'd thee to thy face.
- 3 My mouth is stopp'd, and shame  
Covers my guilty face,  
I fall on the atoning Lamb,  
And I am sav'd by grace.

WESLEY.

## 318.

*Adoptive Grace.*

“To the praise of the glory of his grace.”—  
Eph. 1. (P. M.)

- 1 RISE my soul! adore and wonder,  
Ask, “O why such love to me?”  
Grace hath put me in the number  
Of the Saviour’s family.  
Hallelujah!  
Thanks, eternal thanks to thee.

- 2 When in that blest habitation,  
Built by God the Father’s hand.  
When in glory’s full possession,  
I with Saints and Angels.  
Free grace only  
Shall resound thro’ Canaan’s land.

DOBEL’S COLL.

## 319.

*Enriching Grace.*

“According to the riches of his grace.”—  
Eph. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 GREAT God, ’tis from thy sovereign grace  
That all my blessings flow,  
Whate’er I am, or do possess,  
I to thy mercy owe.
- 2 ’Tis this my powerful lusts controuls,  
And pardons all my sin,  
Gives life and peace to dying souls,  
And makes our nature clean.
- 3 ’Tis this upholds me while I live,  
Supports me when I die,  
And hence ten thousand saints receive  
Their All as well as I.

BEDDOME.



## 320.

*Preserving Grace.*

“By grace ye are saved.”—Eph. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 AMID a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand,  
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 2 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
 To save from sorrows, and from sins;  
 The work that wisdom undertakes,  
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

WATTS.

## 321.

*Distinguishing Grace.*

“To me is this grace given.”—Eph. 3. (P. M.)

- 1 HE left his Father's throne above,  
 So free, so infinite his grace,  
 Emptied himself of all but love,  
 And bled for Adam's helpless race.  
 'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
 For, O my God, it found out me.

WESLEY.

## 322.

*Overflowing Grace.*

“Grace was exceeding abundant.”—  
 1 Tim. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 SEE here an endless ocean flows,  
 Of never failing grace,  
 Behold a dying Saviour's veins  
 The sacred flood increase.

- 2 It rises high and drowns the hills,  
Has neither shore nor bound,  
Now if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 3 Awake our hearts, adore the grace,  
That buries all our faults,  
And pard'ning blood that swells above  
Our follies, and our thoughts.

WATTS.

## 323.

*All of Grace.*

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation."—  
Tit. 2. (L. M.)

- 1 'TIS grace that sweetens every cross, ;  
'Tis grace supports in every loss,  
In Jesu's grace my soul is strong,  
Grace is my hope, and Christ my song.
- 2 Thus 'tis alone of grace I'll boast,  
And 'tis in grace alone I trust,  
For all that's past, grace is my theme,  
For what's to come, 'tis still the same.
- 3 Thro' endless years of grace I'll sing,  
Adore and bless my heavenly king,  
I'll cast my crown before his throne,  
And shout free grace to Him alone.

DOBELL'S COLL.

## 324.

*Delightful Subject.*

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ."—  
2 Cor. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 GRACE, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesu's name,  
Ye Angels dwell upon the sound,  
Ye heavens reflect it to the ground.

O may I live to reach the place  
Where He unveils his lovely face,  
Where all his beauties ye behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold.

WATTS.

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THE FRUIT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

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325.

FAITH.

*The Divine Author.*

“The fruit of the spirit is faith.”—Gal. 5. (P. M.)

1 AUTHOR of faith, to thee I cry,  
To thee who would'st not have me die,  
But know t'ae truth and live ;  
Open mine eyes to see thy face,  
Work in my heart the saving grace,  
The life eternal give.

2 Be it according to thy word,  
Now let me find my pard'ning Lord,  
Let what I ask be given ;  
The bar of unbelief remove,  
Open the door of faith and love,  
And take me into heaven.

WESLEY.

326.

*A Divine Gift.*

“By grace are ye saved, thro' faith, it is the gift  
of God.”—Eph. 2. (S. M.)

1 FAITH, 'tis a precious grace,  
Where'er it is bestow'd,  
It boasts of a celestial birth,  
And is the gift of God.

- 2 Jesus it owns a King,  
 And all-atoning priest,  
 It claims no merit of its own,  
 But looks for all in Christ.
- 3 On him it safely leans,  
 In times of deep distress,  
 Flies to the fountain of his blood,  
 And trusts his righteousness.
- 4 Lord, 'tis thy work alone,  
 And that divinely free,  
 Send down the spirit of thy Son,  
 To work this faith in me.

BEDDOME.

327.

*The Nature of Faith.*

“Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.”—Heb. 11. (C. M.)

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence  
 Of things beyond our sight,  
 Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,  
 And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times past in present view,  
 Brings distant prospects home,  
 Of things a thousand years ago,  
 Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made  
 By God's Almighty word,  
 Abra'm to unknown countries led,  
 By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,  
 Built by the eternal hands,  
 And faith assures us tho' we die,  
 That heavenly building stands.

WATTS.

## 328.

*Properties of Faith.*

“ Stephen, a man full of faith.”—Acts 6. (L. M.)

- 1 HAVE I that faith whose influence  
Destroys the power of sin,  
Subdues the vain delights of sense,  
And makes the conscience clean.
- 2 Have I that lively faith and strong,  
Which checks the insulting foe,  
And when thick dangers round me throng,  
Will bear me safely through.
- 3 Have I that faith which calms the soul,  
When threatening storms arise,  
Bids the huge billows cease to roll,  
And straight the tempest dies.
- 4 Have I that faith which looks to Christ,  
Through clouds that intervene,  
The sovereign king, atoning priest,  
And trusts him though unseen.
- 5 If still this precious grace I want,  
I seek it Lord from thee,  
'Tis thine, and thine alone to grant,  
Impart this gift to me.

BEDDOME.

## 329.

*The Walk of Faith.*

“ We walk by faith, and not by sight.”—  
2 Cor. 11. (L. M.)

- 1 CHEERFUL we tread the desert thro'  
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,  
Tho' lions roar and tempests blow,  
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 2 So Abram, by divine command,  
 Left his own house to walk with God ;  
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
 And fir'd his zeal along the road.

WATTS.

330.

*The Consolitary Appeal of Faith.*

“ Here is the patience and the faith of the saints.”—  
 Rev. 13. (P. M.)

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,  
 Just ready all hope to resign,  
 I pant for the light of thy face,  
 And fear it will never be mine.  
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,  
 I sink at thy feet with my load,  
 All plaintive I pour out my song,  
 And stretch forth my hands unto God.
- 2 If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
 My hold on the promise to keep,  
 The billows more fiercely return,  
 And plunge me again in the deep.  
 While harrass'd and cast from thy sight,  
 The tempter suggests with a roar,  
 The Lord has forsaken thee quite.  
 Thy God will be gracious no more.
- 3 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,  
 The blood of atonement apply,  
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,  
 The rock that is higher than I.  
 Speak, Saviour, for sweet is thy voice,  
 Thy presence is fair to behold,  
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,  
 My groanings that cannot be told.

JONES'S COLL.

331.

*The Power of Faith*

“That our God would fulfil the work of faith with power.”—2 Thess. 1. (C. M.)

- 1 The wounded conscience knows its power,  
The healing balm to give,  
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
And make the dying live.
- 2 Wide it unveils celestial worlds  
Where deathless pleasures reign,  
And bids me seek my portion there,  
Nor bids me seek in vain.
- 3 Shews me the precious promise seal'd  
With the Redeemer's blood,  
And helps my feeble hope to rest  
Upon a faithful God.
- 4 There, there unshaken, would I rest  
Till this vile body die,  
And then on Faith's triumphant wings  
At once to glory rise.

RIPPON'S SEL.

332.

*The support of Faith to the Christian Mariner.*

“By faith they passed through the Red Sea.”—  
Heb. 11. (P. M.)

- 1 WHEN passing through the wat'ry deep,  
I ask in faith his promised aid,  
The waves an awful distance keep,  
And shrink from my devoted head;  
Fearless, their violence I dare,  
They cannot harm, for God is there!

2 Since thou hast bid me come to thee,  
 (Good as thou art and strong to save,)  
 I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,  
 Upborne by the unyielding wave  
 Dauntless, tho' rocks' of pride be near,  
 And yawning whirlpools of despair.

3 When darkness intercepts the skies,  
 And sorrow's waves around me roll,  
 When high the storms of trouble rise  
 And half o'erwhelm my sinking soul,  
 My soul a sudden calm shall feel,  
 And hear a whisper, "Peace, be still."

WESLEY

333.

*The Prayer of Faith at Sea.*

"The prayer of faith shall save."—Jam. 5. (L. M.)

1 Embark'd upon a stormy sea,  
 Jesus aloud we call for thee,  
 Say to the raging waves be still,  
 And shew that they obey thy will.

2 Now we are sinking to the deep,  
 Tho' Jesus seems to be asleep,  
 He waits but to be call'd to come,  
 And bear us to our destin'd home.

3 Jesus can speak the ocean calm,  
 And save from all impending harm,  
 The winds and waves obey his word,  
 And shew that he is sov'reign Lord.

JONES'S COLL.



334.

*The Wonders of Faith.*

"These all died in faith."—Heb. 11. (L. M.)

- 1 IN life's fair book the Patriarchs live,  
Prophets and Saints instruction give,  
Tho' dead they speak the truth divine,  
And in example brightly shine.
- 2 By faith what wonders have they done,  
What suff'rings bore, what vict'ries won  
By faith they promises obtain'd,  
And kingdoms to its empire gain'd.
- 3 By faith they clos'd the lion's jaw,  
And harmless made his dreadful paw,  
Quench'd fiercest flames, escap'd the sword,  
And to new life the dead restor'd.
- 4 My soul these ancient heroes view,  
Their faith, their love, their zeal pursue,  
Warm'd by each word and glorious deed,  
In the same blessed path proceed.

NEEDHAM.

335.

*A Prayer for Faith.*

"Lord increase our faith."—Luke 17. (C. M.)

- 1 FAITH, mighty faith, the promise sees  
And looks to that alone,  
Smiles at impossibilities,  
And cries "It shall be done!"
- 2 This mighty faith on me bestow,  
Which cannot ask in vain,  
Which holds and will not let thee go,  
Till I my suit obtain.

- 3 On me the faith divine bestow,  
Which doth the mountain move,  
And Christ and Faith in me shall show  
Th' omnipotence of love.

WESLEY.

336.

*Little Faith Cheer'd.*

“Jesus said unto Him, O thou of little faith.”—  
Matt. 14. (S. M.)

- 1 O thou of little faith,  
On seas of trouble tost,  
Depend on what the Saviour saith,  
And you can ne'er be lost.
- 2 He bids you to him come,  
Why should you yield to fear,  
The winds may blow and billows foam,  
But Jesus Christ is there.
- 3 Tho' storms of sorrow rise,  
And winds contrary prove,  
Yet, “Wherefore dost thou doubt,” he cries,  
Mine is unchanging love.
- 4 I did at first impart  
The little faith thou hast,  
Then doubt no more, I'll ne'er depart,  
But ever hold thee fast.

IRONS.

337.

*The Shipwreck of Faith.*

“Some concerning faith have made shipwreck.”—  
1 Tim. 1. (C. M.)

- I ON life's wide ocean rudely tost,  
Ah, “some concerning Faith,”  
Professors have at last been lost,  
For so the scripture saith!

2 Like empty "clouds" or "raging waves,"  
While "foaming" out their shame,  
Made "shipwreck" near apostate graves,  
And sunk the Christian name.

3 O make me, Lord, sincere and true,  
Believing thy report,  
In me thy power and mercy shew,  
That I may reach my port.

4 Teach me to navigate those seas  
Where thickest dangers rise,  
And land me safe when thou shalt please,  
In Heaven to take the prize. z

338.

*The Soundings of Faith.*

"Fearing the rocks, they sounded again."—  
Acts 27. (P. M.)

1 TO Heaven I'm bound with prosp'rous gales,  
My bark by grace doth safely steer,  
And sounding under gospel sails,  
Celestial prospects bright appear.  
To sound her ground my faith now springs,  
And to her AUTHOR thus she sings,  
"Thy will be done".

2 As bearing up to gain the port,  
A blood stain'd cross and Heaven in view,  
A Saviour's wounds my harbour—Fort—  
The beacon—to my vessel true,  
Again my faith her sounding tries,  
And to my sou's sure pilot cries—  
"A blessed Hope."

- 3 Now as the blissful shore draws near,  
 With transport I behold the place,  
 Where dwells my friend, my Saviour dear,  
 And long, with joy to see his face.  
 Once more my faith now tries her ground,  
 And thus re-echoes back the sound,  
 "Christ is my Rock,"
- 4 When to her birth my bark draws nigh,  
 And I have done with sails and tides,  
 "Strong is my Cable," then I'll cry,  
 My Anchor's sure, I safely ride,  
 No more, my soul, need try her ground,  
 Safe at her moorings she is found,  
 And "All is well."

A Friend.

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 HOPE.
 

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339.

*Hope Encouraged.*

"Thou shalt be secure, because there is hope."—  
 Job. 11. (P. M.)

- 1 WHY do I thus complain,  
 And bow my drooping head;  
 Cheer up, my soul, again—  
 Thy Saviour is not dead.  
 Jesus, thy Lord, is still the same,  
 Hope in his word, and trust his name.
- 2 What, tho' he hides his face,  
 Nor will one smile afford,  
 Thou yet may'st plead his grace,  
 And venture on his word;  
 Still all thy trust on him repose,  
 And own him in just all thy woes.

3. Why these distracting thoughts,  
 Why these distressing cares,  
 God will forgive thy faults,  
 And wipe away thy tears.  
 Then lowly bow beneath his rod,  
 And humbly wait, and *hope* in God.

WESTLAKE'S COLL.

### 340.

#### *Hope Strengthened.*

“ We are not consumed, therefore have I hope.”—  
 Lam. 3. (P. M.)

- 1 O, unexhausted grace !  
 O, Love unspeakable !  
 I am not gone to my “ own place ;”  
 I am not yet in hell.  
 Earth doth not open yet,  
 My soul to swallow up,  
 And hanging o'er the burning pit,  
 I still am forced to hope.
- 2 I *hope* at last to find,  
 The kingdom from above ;  
 The settled peace, the constant mind,  
 The everlasting love ;  
 The sanctifying grace  
 That makes me meet for home,  
 I *hope* to see thy glorious face,  
 Where sin can never come.

WESLEY.

### 341.

#### *Hope Revived.*

“ Why art thou cast down ? hope thou in God.”—  
 Psa. 42. (L. M.)

- 1 HUGE troubles, with tumultuous noise,  
 Swell like a sea, and round me spread,  
 Thy water spouts drown all my joys,  
 And rising waves roll over my head.

- 2 Yet will the Lord command his love,  
 When I address his throne by day,  
 Nor in the night his grace remove,  
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.
- 3 I'll cast myself before his feet,  
 And say, my God, my heavenly rock,  
 Why doth thy love so long forget,  
 The soul that groans beneath thy stroke.
4. I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,  
 Why should my soul indulge her grief,  
*Hope* in the Lord, and praise him too,  
 He is my rest and sure relief.

WATTS.

## 342.

*Hope in Exercise.*

“ Be of good courage all ye that hope in the  
 Lord.”—Psa. 31. (L. M.)

- 1 THE pains that wait my fleeting breath,  
 Too oft my mournful thoughts employ,  
 Amid the gloomy shades of death,  
 The hope of heaven is life, and joy.
- 2 But ah! how soon the blissful ray,  
 With guilt o'ershaded disappears;  
 'Tis sin alone, that clouds my day,  
 'Tis sin alone, deserves my tears.
- 3 Then weep my eyes, complain my heart,  
 But moan not hopeless of relief;  
 For sovereign mercy will impart,  
 Its healing beams to ease my grief.
- 4 The Saviour pleads his dying blood,  
 Awake, my *hope*, away my fears,  
 Thro' him I'll seek my absent Gods,  
 Till his returning smile appears.

E. STEELE.

## 343:

*The Landscape of Hope.*

“The hope laid up for you in heaven.—”  
Col. 1. (P. M.)

- 1 REJOICING now in earnest hope,  
We stand, and from the mountain top  
See all the land below,  
Rivers of milk, and honey rise,  
And all the fruits of paradise,  
In endless plenty grow.
- 2 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,  
Favor'd with God's peculiar smile,  
With every blessing blest,  
There dwells the Lord our righteousness,  
And keeps his own in perfect peace,  
And everlasting rest.
- 3 O when shall we at once go up,  
Nor this side Jordan longer stop,  
But the good land possess.  
When shall we end our ling'ring years,  
Our sorrows, sins, and doubts, and fears,  
And howling wilderness.
- 4 O dearest Joshua, bring us in  
Display thy grace, forgive our sin,  
Our unbelief remove.  
The heavenly Canaan, Lord divide,  
And O, with all the sanctified,  
Give us a lot of love!

WESLEY.

## 344.

*The Strength of Hope.*

“The hope set before us.”—Heb. 6. (L. M.)

- 1 THE oath and promise of the Lord,  
Join to confirm his wond'rous grace,  
Eternal power performs the word,  
And fills all heaven with endless praise.



- 2 Amid temptations sharp and long,  
 My soul to this dear refuge flies,  
*Hope* is my Anchor firm and strong,  
 While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 3 The Gospel bears my spirits up,  
 A faithful and unchanging God,  
 Lays the foundation for my hope,  
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

WATTS.

## 345.

*The Christian Sailor's Hope.*

"We are saved by hope."—Rom. 8. (L. M.)

- 1 LAUNCH'D on a sea where troubled waves,  
 With angry tossings, swell, and foam,  
 'Tis Gospel hope from Shipwreck saves,  
 'Till death shall waft the vessel home.
- 2 When life's contrary winds arise,  
 With keen perplexing heavy gales,  
 A hope well fix'd above the skies,  
 Against the sharpest storm prevails.
- 3 Billows of disappointment roll,  
 Along the restless tide of time,  
 But Gospel hope bears up the soul,  
 'Till an eternal calm shall shine.
- 4 Jesus, my hope is fix'd on thee,  
 No calm below do I expect,  
 But I am safe, tho' out at sea,  
 Thou wilt not let my soul be wreck'd.

IRONS.













